The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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CONTENTS

WEEKLY COMMENTS 533
TOWN VS. COUNTRY (*An Editorial*) 536
SLUMS—STILL THE CITIES' SHAME *Oliver McKee, jr.* 538
FOUNDATION (*Verse*) *Marion Brown Shelton* 539
RURAL COLLEGES IN ENGLAND *Donald Attwater* 540
"RELIGION" AND THE HANDOUT *Willard F. Motley* 542
ON EACH FACE (*Verse*) *Katharine Chambers* 546
FATHER FRANCIS A. WALSH, O.S.B. *Kenton Kilmer* 544
POINTS AND LINES: 546
New Deal-Business Appeasement
Resignations from the Lawyers' Guild
Impending War and Guam
COMMUNICATIONS 549
THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 552
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 552
ACHILLE RATTI—LOVER OF THE ALPS *Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt* 553
OTHER BOOKS OF THE DAY 554
MORE ABOUT BOOKS *The Sampler* 558
THE INNER FORUM 559

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NEWS of the election of Cardinal Pacelli as Supreme Pontiff is received too late for THE COMMONWEAL *to do more in this issue than express its happiness and its hope that Pius XII will be blessed with a long and prosperous reign.*

Progress of the Monopoly Inquiry

THE GOVERNMENT'S million-dollar suit against the eighteen tire companies that submitted completely identical bids on eighty-two different sizes of tires in recent purchasing periods raises an old dilemma. The charge of collusion is somewhat slyly expressed in the following statement by Thurman Arnold, chief of the Anti-Trust division of the Department of Justice: "Bids identical to the last penny are not normally the result of identical cost of manufacturing, identical marketing cost and identical profit percentage independently arrived at." The other extreme is competitive bidding on a "cut-throat" basis. Each policy has its dangers. The first leads to manufacturers' agreements that mulct the public, the second to speed-ups, cuts in wages and employment rolls, inferior materials and workmanship. Strong trade associations such as those now existing in the cement, iron and steel, petroleum goods, radio and electrical supply, paper, machinery and other industries must be constantly subject to the most thorough public investigation and scrutiny if they are to serve the common good. On the other hand the evils of ruinous competition must be prevented by rigid enforcement of minimum wage and hour laws, effective agreements on working conditions arrived at by genuine collective bargaining and by active bureaus of standards.

Tires and Politics

Unfortunately the tendency these days seems largely in the opposite direction. The scrapping of reform measures in favor of spurs to recovery is indicated particularly by the reported decision of the Democratic leaders in Congress to postpone any new anti-trust legislation until the next session, late in 1940. There is something inconsistent about arousing public interest by continuing monopoly hearings for the benefit of the American citizen and refusing to take action at the very time we would support it most enthusiastically. What good does it do to know that the insurance companies have the securities markets at their beck and call when we are powerless to do anything about it? It is in times like these, when political opportunism in Washington and revelations of corruption in state and city governments figure so largely in the news, that the individual citizen is forced to face squarely the severe limitations to reform by the State. Much of reform that is institutional must be carried on by functional, non-governmental organizations—by labor unions, consumers' groups, credit unions and other groupings in harmony with Christian social traditions.

The Supreme Court and the Sit-Down

THE SUPREME COURT ruling against sit-down strikes may well appeal more to labor's sense of morality than to any sense of strict equity. We take it now that employment with a corporation lasts over a strike period, provided the worker does nothing illegal during the strike, and the strike itself is legitimate. If he commits an illegal act during the strike the company may discharge him. The Court upholds the principle that two wrongs do not make a right, shoving over to the legislature and common law the problem of what constitutes a wrong. It appears inescapable. On the other hand, illegal acts by a company do not make it an outlaw. When the employees sat down in two Fansteel buildings, "it was an illegal seizure of the buildings in order to prevent their use by the em-

Remedy Still Missing

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ployer in a lawful manner." But before this, the Court ruled that the company did not conduct itself legally in its actions toward its employees. The workers were not in a position to discharge their employers. Tough luck.

Two problems are left high in the air. Is the present concept of the private property of a corporation compatible with the common welfare? It is impossible that society can long go on identifying personal property and the rights over it with corporate property and the rights over that. In spite of the Supreme Court, the officers of Fansteel can easily recognize a distinction between "the seizure and holding of the buildings" and "assault upon the officers of an employing company." And there are more differences than that between corporate and private persons. Second, it is clear that labor needs a legal lift more than industry. "For the richer class have many ways of shielding themselves and stand less in need of help from the State, whereas the mass of the poor have no resources of their own to fall back upon and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State" (Leo XIII and Pius XI). Employees cannot discharge their employer, whether his actions are legal or illegal.

The Case of Marian Anderson

IT IS an axiom of history that injustice finally produces its own cure. It would be too simple and easy, of course, if racial discrimination in America could be halted at a blow by the wide publicity given to the case of the American Negro singer, Marian Anderson. But it may at least fairly be hoped that the unusual circumstances of this case, underlining as they do just how indefensible racial discrimination can be, will give special help and impetus to the forces of intelligent fairness surely destined, at last, to destroy it. Miss Anderson is a singer of very great gifts, and internationally celebrated. She has sung in Washington at a private concert for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House; but an attempt to secure the use, for her public concert, of Constitution Hall, the auditorium in that city owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution, met with a refusal. The attention already attracted by the episode was subsequently much heightened by Mrs. Roosevelt's announcement of her own withdrawal from "an organization" whose action, "typical of a policy," she wished thereby to protest against: a form of words which has been universally taken, without correction from Mrs. Roosevelt, to cover the D.A.R. and its treatment of Miss Anderson. As always happens in such cases, there have been denials by the spokesmen of those criticized. They may of course be justified; it may all be a matter of conflicting schedules. But if the reason for the Miss Anderson rebuff was, as has since been said, the mere fact that Constitution Hall had been leased for another concert on the night requested, there are still two unanswered questions of major importance. Why was not the Hall offered for some other night? And how does it happen that Miss Anderson's concert manager has been able to make public letters from the Hall's management stating that the rental contracts bars all Negroes, of whatever artistic status? Viewed from any angle, it is not a case from which anyone but an ill-wisher to America can derive much pleasure; but it may, as we said, serve a useful purpose. It brings this issue to a dramatic focus with the aid of two eminent figures and an eminent organization. The public mind cannot, we think, escape the impetus of such a demonstration.

Intolerance in the Capital

The Round Table Plea

ONE DANGER attending the assault upon basic principles may lie in the very promptitude of the repulse. When, as today, the whole of free society is aware of powerful hostilities pressing against the truths most vital to freedom, a full, articulate and completely righteous indignation will be heard lifting up its voice; and it is in this very rightness and vigor that the danger lies. The moral *élan* which is the strength of those who know they defend the right, may carry them beyond the point of thinking, responsible reaction to the point of mere mass indulgence. It would indeed be a tragedy if we were to canalize in anger or waste in a national orgy of self-righteousness a stimulus which should awaken the deepest spiritual energies of our people. We need the perpetual, sobering reminder that the very principles which make our repudiation of tyranny so confident and strong, depend for continued actual life among us upon the perfection with which we practise them, not upon the loudness with which we berate their attackers.

We Must Take the Hard Way

They call us within ourselves. They demand, not group complacency but that most difficult of all things, personal effort, discipline and humility; not a bellicosity which may scatter or sterilize our moral vigor, but positive, patient, renewed inner dedication. There is, be it thankfully said, a growing realization of this truth around us. As a fine expression of it, we would cite the plea of the New York Round Table of the National Council of Jews and Christians. It is a plea for just such personal, unselfish service to our inestimably great heritage of democracy and religion; for an understanding that "never in recorded history has each individual borne so grave a responsibility for the welfare of humanity"; for the positive, conscious choice on the part of each one of us of "the real and permanent good of society." It sees that "those ideals for which thousands have

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willingly suffered martyrdom" are endangered by all those "tendencies to race, class, individual and religious hatred" which drive so freely not only through the world at large but through our own country as well. And in asking that the chief treasures of humanity be not "thrust back into the jungle and barbarism," it closes with the clear and sufficient warning: "It is not enough to denounce barbarism: we ourselves must practise justice and mercy."

Professor Bridgman and the Totalitarians

Political Allergies

HOW EASY it is to fight fire with fire, hatred with hatred. Of all people one would least expect a distinguished university professor, who has made genuine contributions to knowledge and whose mind, one would think, must be disciplined and toughened, to make such a mistake. And yet since, in the natural order, fire is often best fought with fire, it is perhaps understandable enough that a "natural philosopher" should transfer to the moral order something which he knows will work in his own special field of experience. Professor Percy W. Bridgman of Harvard has made public, through an article in *Science,* the policy which he has adopted in his laboratory of not allowing citizens of the totalitarian states to examine his apparatus and of refusing to discuss any of his scientific undertakings with such persons. He specifically defines the totalitarian states as Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan. He admits that "action such as this is . . . to be deeply deplored and to be undertaken only after the gravest consideration." With the first part of this admission we find ourselves in complete agreement; it would have been better if the second half had read "to be undertaken under no circumstances." For such a step can have no practical effect in preventing knowledge from reaching the totalitarian nations. Mr. Bridgman's own findings have to be published to be effective, and publication, no matter how limited, immediately makes his findings available to all who will take the trouble to ferret them out. It has been hinted that some of his work relates to the hardening of steel, and hence has military value. If this is the case, then there is nothing new in a scientist trying to keep from citizens of other countries information which may be of value to the armed forces of his own country.

Obviously it was not for practical reasons that Professor Bridgman acted, however much he may plead them as an excuse. His action was taken as a protest against a type of government, an organization of society, which neither he nor we like. And the protest must be judged by its form. It is to that that we object, and it is to that that we should have expected others to object. Yet objection, as far as the press has reported it, is limited to only one of Professor Bridgman's colleagues, Pitirin Sorokin of the Harvard Sociology Department, who said "he would welcome students and citizens from the totalitarian states to his classes, hoping to stimulate their minds with democratic thoughts and ideals." What is most disturbing about the whole incident is that it should have elicited expressions of approval from so distinguished a professor of philosophy as W. E. Hocking or from a teacher so steeped in the humanities of French literature as Dean Gauss of Princeton, who said, "Democracy is allergic to totalitarianism. . . . Professor Bridgman is merely telling us that there is no possible common denominator between democracy and totalitarianism." This most distressing academic tendency to overlook our common humanity, to assume that the souls of men have no freedom and are totally governed by a political ideology, leads directly to the very totalitarianism it attempts to combat.

The Communists in the Garden

Lack of Public Interest

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN BUND celebrated Washington's Birthday by a barrage of speeches fired with anti-Semitism and other Nazi ideas in Madison Square Garden; in the same place a week later, the Communist party of the U. S. A. celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Third International by calling for an aggressive united front with Soviet Russia. Both meetings had police protection on an unprecedented scale; both had their own squads of "storm troopers" to prevent interruptions. Yet the former provoked a counter-demonstration of terrific dimensions, while only a few Trotskyites with handbills proclaiming their orthodoxy showed up to protest the Communist rally. Counter-demonstrations, it may be said here, can be useful only if they refrain from physical violence and the arousing of personal and group hatreds. Perhaps public apathy toward Communism comes from forgetfulness of the Russian, Spanish and Hungarian experiences and the feeling that the party here is far from realizing its ultimate aims. The extent to which Communists by their skill and their zeal have overcome the handicap of numbers and won key posts in various labor unions is ignored, so too the fact that the factional disputes for which they are in part responsible have gravely weakened American labor in a number of important industries. The public is apparently unaware of an even greater immediate danger, the success of the Communists, at a time when our foreign policy is in a state of flux, in preparing this country to support by force of arms a concept of democracy that is so meaningless as to include the terrorist Soviet Russian dictatorship. But counter-demonstration and denunciation will not bring such political exhibitions to play to empty seats. Only a much more

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serious and sustained attack on the causes of the resentments and frustrations that impel so many Stalin and Hitler followers over here will effectually preserve our democratic ideals.

Dewey Kayoes Hines in Second

WITH the conviction of Jimmy Hines on all thirteen counts of the indictment against him in New York's General Sessions court on February 25, Thomas E. Dewey won the longest fight of his career to date. Not many people can ever have had much doubt of Hines's guilt in general as a politician of the most unsavory sort, although there may be those who still question whether he did the particular things charged in the recent trial, and even more may wonder whether the methods used to secure his conviction are desirable. Of course a case can be made for them on the grounds of necessity, as Mr. Dewey did. He pointed out that the crookedness of a politician is likely to be in connection with crooks, and not with honest people, so that the only evidence there is is the evidence of crooks. But in any case the victory assured Mr. Dewey of an increased national prestige in the Republican party, and that party is so notoriously looking for a leader that of course there is immediate talk of Mr. Dewey's availability as a presidential candidate in 1940. Yet one cannot help wondering whether a career of "cleaning up" rackets and politics, however beneficent to the public, is any indication of an ability to solve great and perplexing national problems, to appease the divergent interests of so large and complex an organism as the United States.

A Daniel Come to Judgment

Slightly Raised Eyebrows Department

WE QUOTE from our esteemed contemporary, the *New Yorker:* "Whatever the political feelings of the Catholic Church in other countries may be, the Archbishopric of Paris has taken a highly impersonal part in the refugee crisis here [Paris]. Cardinal Verdier, along with Jouhaux, trade-union leader; Henri Bergson, philosopher; François Mauriac, novelist; Jacques Maritain, dialectician; and Paul Valéry, poet, has just signed a poster to be pasted on all the billboards of the city. It declares that 'France should accept the honor of relieving the frightful misery of the Spanish population, forced back over the French frontiers,' and 'most urgently calls on all, regardless of their opinions, to give money, food, clothing.'" We welcome the news of so charitable an enterprise, and congratulate "Genêt" for thinking it newsworthy. But why, pray, is Bergson a "philosopher" while Maritain must content himself with being merely a "dialectician"? Perhaps "Genêt" started on "Les Degrés du Savoir" and got so badly bogged that "Art et Scholastique" and "Humanism Intégral" and a few other similar matters went out of sight and mind. Or perhaps "Genêt" thinks that a Thomist cannot achieve "philosophy," but only "dialectic," what with his angels dancing on needles and such-like.

That Which We Call a Rose . . .

Town vs. Country

IT IS a fact that this country cannot be prosperous unless agriculture is prosperous. American industry cannot be at all secure unless farming is secure too. The town can fatten itself at the expense of the country, but only so far and no further. After a certain point, exploitation of agriculture by industry makes industry poorer and not richer. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics publishes a "parity" index which illustrates this fact in black and white. Counting the average price received by farmers for the commodities they sold between August, 1909, and July, 1914, as 100, the Bureau publishes the relative price received each month and year since then. On the same basis it finds the index figure—percentage of the 1909-1914 prices—paid out by farmers for the commodities they purchase. With these two figures it gets the ratio of prices received to prices paid by farmers.

In 1920 the war boom lingered, and the parity figure stood at 105. Farmers were 5 points better off in their dealings with industry than during the base period 1909-1914. In 1921 there was a short sharp depression and the parity figure was 82. It snapped back, and from 1923 to 1929 oscillated in the nineties. In 1930 it fell to 87; 1931, 70; 1932, 61. In 1933, it rose to 64; 1934, 73; 1935, 86; 1936, 92; 1937, 93. It fell in 1938 to 78. A graph of this index would resemble a graph of general prosperity with more than accidental similarity. Urban prosperity is linked to rural prosperity. In America, rural forces are more conscious of this fact than urban, because, no doubt, the urban power is dominant, and rural life is unwillingly dependent upon city power.

Last year the Department of Agriculture held a forum of lectures and discussions developing a broad approach to the farm problem — broad enough to consider the relationship of farm to city, and both to democracy. The substance of this forum is now published in the book, "Democracy Has Roots," by Under Secretary of Agriculture M. L. Wilson.[1] This book recognizes that Americans are filled with a consciousness of the industrial problem before our country. "In the industrial field two issues stand out over and above all others: one is the relationship between labor and capital; the other, the problem of unemploy-

[1] New York: Carrick and Evans. $1.75.

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ment." But this book does not present the idea that the farm is included in these industrial problems. Industrial relations viewed exclusively from the capital-labor angle constitute only part of the social and economic and political problem before the country.

"The other major problem is the relationship between farm and city. Each country with no exception is facing the problem of the distribution of national income between the agricultural population and the producers in the city, and this problem is no less fundamental and no less difficult to grapple with than the problem of the relation between capital and labor."

The very fact that "parity" ratios and prices are drawn up indicates the urgency of this problem. The fact they are drawn up by agriculture shows which side feels itself the exploited one. And it is not only economic exploitation which American agriculture resents. "Democracy Has Roots" advances much of its argument by means of a series of intelligent questions. These cultural questions are written down: "What are the ruling images of the good life in the United States? Are those images supplied by one group and acceded to by other groups to whose circumstances they are less fitting—do farmers, for instance, tend to accept and make their own certain designs for living manufactured in the cities and little suited to rural culture?" Almost any farm paper or magazine you pick up expresses resentment at the imposition upon the country of present and past city conceptions. In the latest *Catholic Rural Life Bulletin,* an article on "Foundations of a Rural Christian Culture" forcefully sums up objections to the cultural imperialism of American cities over the colonial countryside: "Dependence on the city, or rather on the economic system which the city has built and which it controls, is a fundamental reason for the fact that the farmer has not built up in this country a way of life of his own in which he can be contented."

The farm-city duel in this country is the most important cause of our most difficult sectional contests. The great farm states are nearly all Southern. In 1935, thirteen states had over a million farm population. One of them was the border state of Missouri, two were Northern states, Ohio and Illinois, where great cities nevertheless overshadowed the huge rural populations. Ten of the thirteen were in the South. Cotton is the commodity whose growers have been getting money collected from the tariff on industrial imports. Cotton is a Southern commodity. The whole system of giving farms a subsidy out of dues collected from protecting industry is a frank, and even stark, admission that American industry has been exploiting American agriculture.

What is the farmer to do this year? The *Farmer* of St. Paul, one of the most intelligent farm papers, says: "Since it does not seem desirable this year to increase production of any of the staple cash crops, dairy products or hogs, attention should turn to reducing costs of production. Economy is the keynote of the 1939 program. . . . Probable price levels do not indicate high gross incomes in 1939. That is why emphasis must be placed on low expense." In Washington, hearings are being held on a new farm plan. The Frazier-Lemke bill would provide price-fixing. The *Farmer* writes: "The thinking of supporters of price-fixing is along this line: If farm prices do not go up, labor wages must come down; if industry and labor can fix their prices, farmers must have the same power." Since none of the price-fixing plans provides production control, Secretary Wallace, aware of surplus problems, will fight them. Furthermore, farmers are sick of changing the system every year, so that all in all the chances are that AAA will last out this year.

THE significant development this year is that farm forces are shifting their attention from concentration upon ways and means of raising their commodity prices to side glances at the possibility of lowering the prices of the things they must, or want to, buy. The recent farm institute in Des Moines rang on the slogan: "Bringing Agriculture, Labor and Industry into balance."

Obviously everybody wants the leveling to be up and not down. This requires the active cooperation of business, labor and agriculture. The lead toward this cooperation is coming too exclusively from the farms. They are at the bottom of the heap. The functional groups must come together and act. Perhaps when industry's profits and labor's wages are seriously threatened by farm insurgence, those two branches will also seek out this cooperation. The roots referred to in "Democracy Has Roots" are the local communities, and that is where the search should start now.

"To what extent is there mutual understanding of each other's problems on the part of rural and urban people? What institutions are acting to broaden this understanding? . . .

"The local community is the place where the democracy of the nation will stand its ultimate test. . . . Representative institutions are only a device for carrying forward the policies which individual citizens arrive at through direct participation in areas small enough to make direct participation possible."

In the local community the start must be made to finding principles and means for apportioning properly the national income to the functional groups, and distributing the balance of cultural power, and there is every hope that if that portioning and balancing is done well, then the gross national income will rise — to, and above, that magic eighty billion dollars.

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Slums—Still the Cities' Shame

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

SLUMS are a major liability to every American city. They are schools of bad citizenship and breeding places of disease, crime and vice. No city more pointedly illustrates the relation between slums, disease and crime, than Washington, D. C. In sordidness and squalor, these slums, many of them almost within the shadow of the Capitol, match those of any other American city.

Though Washington has fine public buildings and many palatial mansions, it also has blighted areas. At least 20,000 families of meager means have been living in unfit, unsafe and unsanitary buildings — deplorable shacks and ramshackle hovels in numerous alleys. These large slum areas explain, in part, why Washington has one of the highest death rates in the country, and why it ranks near the top of American cities in robberies, assaults, murders and other crimes.

In submitting its application for a federal loan of $6,600,000 recently granted, the Alley Dwelling Authority cited the following figures, based on a survey of Washington's four worst slum tracts, in which 44,000 persons or 7 percent of the entire population of the District have their homes. Bad housing conditions exist in many other parts of the city.

The general death rate in 1936 in these four slum areas was 22.6 per 1,000 persons, as against a rate of 14.69 per 1,000 persons for the District as a whole. Thus 11 percent of all the deaths in the District occurred in an area housing but 7 percent of its population, and this area accounted for nearly one-quarter of the capital's tuberculosis deaths. The infant mortality rate was 140 per 1,000 live births, contrasting with a District overall rate of 72 per 1,000. Furthermore, this area in a single year produced more than 32 percent of all the city's registered cases of social diseases; nearly 12 percent of all local cases admitted to the Government Hospital for the Insane; nearly 19 percent of all the children placed in institutions or on probation by the Juvenile Court, and more than 20 percent of all the children placed in the care of the Children's Protective Association.

"Can there be doubt that this relatively small area of decaying, obsolete houses, tenanted in the main by families of low income, is abnormally prolific in its breeding of crime, juvenile delinquency, disease and death?" asked the Alley Dwelling Authority, in commenting on this summary. The figures themselves provide the answer.

Let us review, more briefly, conditions in a few other typical cities. In Jacksonville, Florida, 32 percent of all major crimes and 42 percent of all social crimes take place in a slum section covering less than 2 percent of the city's area. In Cleveland and Philadelphia, slum areas have a juvenile delinquency rate three times that of other parts of the city. In one 50-block area in Detroit, the juvenile delinquency rate is ten times that for the city as a whole. In a Chicago slum district, 26 percent of all boys between the ages of ten and sixteen passed through the juvenile court during a single twelve-month period.

In health we find a similar picture. A Detroit slum area chosen for clearance reported a pneumonia rate three times as large as the city average, and more than six times as many cases of tuberculosis. The Basin District of Cincinnati, site of a large slum reconstruction project, houses 27.8 percent of the city's population, though covering only 6 percent of its area. Over a measured period, this district accounted for 64 percent of the city's major crimes, 54.2 percent of its deaths from epidemics and infections, 47 percent of all deaths from respiratory ailments, and 55.8 percent of all fire losses. In a slum district in Tampa known as the "Scrub," soon to be cleared under the U.S.H.A. program, the death rate is 17.2 per 1,000 population, compared with 4.5 per 1,000 for the rest of the city, and the disease rate stands at 23.8 as against 4.8.

Slums are not only economic liabilities in themselves, but they tend to undermine property values in neighboring districts. Recent surveys reveal also that municipalities are spending many times as much per capita, excluding relief costs, in slum areas, as elsewhere. Invariably these districts have high tax delinquency rates.

A survey by the Cleveland Metropolitan Housing Authority reveals the following contrast between per capita costs of public services in a large slum area and the rest of the city:

	Slum Area	Rest of City
Police protection	$11.50	$4.20
Fire protection	18.27	2.74
Public health work	2.02	.60
Tuberculosis care	3.04	1.17

Reports from cities that have recently signed U.S.H.A. loan contracts throw further light on present-day slum conditions. In Pittsburgh, for example, at least 40 percent of all families are living under serious sub-standard housing conditions; in Buffalo, between 25 and 35 percent; and in Detroit, about 20 percent. Recent surveys show that slum conditions are nation-wide, and that one-

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third of the homes of the nation are substantially below any standard that can be accepted as "decent" or "American."

IN SUMMARIZING the evidence laid before it in the long congressional hearings, the Senate Committee said:

> The long-range and carefully planned housing program—by stimulating the durable-goods industries, now lagging further behind in the recovery drive, and by facing the problem of technological unemployment—will create jobs in private industry for a large percentage of the men and women still idle and dependent upon public relief no matter how overwhelming their desire to earn a decent living in a normal way. And at a cost much cheaper than the terrible social and business toll of unhealthful housing—in terms of disease, crime and maladjustment—it will provide better living quarters for millions who now dwell in dismal and insanitary surroundings.

Following an exhaustive canvas of the nation's housing needs by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, Congress in 1937 passed the United States Housing Act. The legislation had a double objective: first, to wipe out as many city slums as possible; and second, to build new homes with rents within reach of those who live in existing slum areas. In efficiency of management and in the social values which it is creating, the United States Housing Authority, through which the Act is administered, holds high rank among New Deal agencies. It is the first permanent public agency established by Congress to rehouse families who live in the slums, and no one else.

Last year Congress gave the U.S.H.A. an $800,000,000 authorization. This has all been earmarked for projects already approved, and during 1939 the U.S.H.A. will need another authorization of about $500,000,000 to continue its attack on the nation's slums. When completed, projects already under way will provide new homes for about 160,000 families, representing approximately 500,000 persons. An average of 5,000 families a month will move into the new dwelling units in 1939, according to estimates of U.S.H.A. officials. More than 20,000 low income families are now living in U.S.H.A. projects.

In the projects so far approved, the construction costs per dwelling units have ranged from a high of $3,537 in Buffalo, to a low of $2,300 in Austin, Texas. Construction costs are running less than the average costs in the private building industry and are the lowest yet recorded in the history of public housing in the United States. The median rent for all the projects so far approved is $4.24 per room per month, or about $13 a month for a three-room or $17 a month for a four-room home.

Like the P.W.A. housing projects, the U.S.H.A. program has been criticized by private real estate operators on the ground that it brings the federal government into unfair competition with private enterprise. Yearly subsidies must not exceed $28,000,000 annually, certainly not a large amount for a nation of 130,000,000. Private enterprise cannot furnish adequate housing at rents which low-income families who now live in urban slums can afford, federal officials tell us. Of the dwellings constructed from 1929 to 1935 in 28 representative cities, only about 8 percent were within reach of the families in these cities having incomes of less than $1,500—about 65 percent of the total. For these families, 3,597,773 in number, only 21,351 homes in which they could afford to live were built during this seven-year period. Under the present law, the U.S.H.A. can assist only slum clearance and low-rent housing projects. The Act restricts admission to families whose net income does not exceed five times the rental. It says:

> The term "families of low income" means families who are in the lowest income group and who cannot afford to pay enough to cause private enterprise in their locality or metropolitan area to build an adequate supply of decent, safe and sanitary dwellings for their use.

As it enters the second year, the United States Housing Authority, under the capable direction of Nathan Straus, has substantial achievements to its credit. Many slum areas are being demolished, to be replaced by community housing projects, giving former slum dwellers modern, sanitary, well-lighted and cheerful homes. Congress has made the U.S.H.A. a permanent body. The amount of future authorizations and the extent to which local communities accept the assistance of the federal government in their slum-razing and low-cost housing programs will necessarily determine the magnitude of the national war against slums in the years immediately ahead.

Under the U.S.H.A. a fine start has been made toward wiping out urban slums. Behind the law lies a new attitude and a recognition of public responsibility. Because slum environments breed crime, disease and bad citizenship, the federal slum clearance and low-cost housing program is of high social significance. Toward the rebuilding of America both physically and morally, few agencies, whether public or private, are making a greater contribution today than the U.S.H.A.

Foundation

Above me where the rooftree gathers
Into a shining peak
It meets a narrow sky that widens
Upwards along a vast oblique.

Over my head is seen the great inversion
Where point to point the massive pyramids come—
The sky, the stars, and all the huge creation
Balanced upon my home.

MARION BROWN SHELTON.

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Rural Colleges in England

By DONALD ATTWATER

PEOPLE who know about these things (and it is more than a matter of statistics) tell me that England is, relative to her size, the most urbanized and industrialized country in the world. Certainly the proportion of her people who live in towns of 5,000 inhabitants and over is huge, the yearly number of country people who migrate to the cities is shocking; the yearly decrease in cultivated acreage ghastly. Agriculture and farming still go on, of course, and still employ a greater number than any other one "industry" (the different sorts of metalworkers and the different sorts of transport workers each exceed it), but it exists, it does not live, much less thrive—it may be almost said to remain on sufferance. We produce only a fraction of the food that we might, and in order to keep us from starvation in wartime we have to shoulder the burden of a vast navy to protect the mercantile marine.

This absurd policy is deliberate; were we to grow more of our own food we should be able to distribute the population a trifle better, improve the state and status of the agricultural community, increase our "real wealth," improve the quality of our food and so of our health, and lessen taxation for "defense": but it must not be done, for then we could take less food from abroad in exchange for our various industrial products—and what would happen to dividends and "the system" then? The banks and the Federation of British Industries and all the rest of the set-up see to it that no government shall seriously attempt to remedy the howling folly of British agriculture, whereby "it is cheaper to send wheat from the Great Lakes to Hull than to send it by rail from Hampshire to Birmingham."

It would be impossible in a few paragraphs to give any idea of the life of the British farming population, for conditions vary according to locality. But the present writer knows from watching it at close quarters over many years that it is grindingly insufficient from every point of view. The agricultural laborer — that industrious and skilled workman — is miserably underpaid, with no prospect of improvement; the natural self-sufficing social, recreational and cultural life of the countryside is dead; vast areas are half depopulated, and in time only the aged and "stupid" will be left. It is inevitable that young men and women, who have already imbibed urban ideas from their schooling, newspapers, radio and other agencies, should take the first chance to get out and find a job in a factory or an office. In an agricultural village five miles from where I write these lines not a single boy has gone from the grade school onto the land in five years; one farmer there employs seven men, each of them a grandfather!

From time to time people try to do something about it, with this organization or that for "rural betterment." It is no more than first-aid of course, a sort of industrial welfare-work, patching, from outside and above—whether that "above" be the privileged classes or the official authorities for agriculture, education or what not; such welfare-work is all that can be done, for there can be no real middle term between things as they are and a complete change in the national set-up. But patching, treating symptoms with careful solicitude, can be done more well or less well, it can demand our attention or be simply the old gang at its old tricks, and the last ten years has seen the development of an enterprise in England which has attracted attention so far away that its originator was invited to Washington, D. C., to expound what he is doing.

That originator is Henry Morris, secretary of education for the county of Cambridge, and that enterprise is the village-college scheme which he has inaugurated in that county which, situated in the eastern center of England, is one of the most completely agricultural districts in the country. It has the unusually high proportion of some three-quarters of its acreage under cultivation, wheat and other grain being the chief crops, and its fruit-growing, market gardening and dairying are also of importance.

The Cambridgeshire scheme, which has the assistance of the Carnegie Corporation, is to provide eight "village colleges" in various parts of the county, the nucleus of each one being the senior elementary school, which is the educational establishment for those children from eleven to fifteen who are not attending a secondary school (pupils are conveyed to the senior school of their district by motor-bus). Now the innovation of the scheme is that these senior schools should be housed in large groups of buildings which are designed also to be rural community centers for adult education and social life, both for men and women. At the time of writing three of these colleges are open and working, at Sawston, Bottisham and Linton, and another, Impington, will soon be ready.

Among their common features are classrooms and common social rooms, a hall fitted for concerts, stage plays, cinema and gymnasium, a library (run in connection with the county library), a café, where the prices are absurdly low, workshops and playing fields. Every effort is made to avoid any

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suggestion of institutionalism, and this is particularly noticeable in the social rooms and their furnishing and appointments; the ideal is the "club" rather than the "school"; the classrooms are informally arranged and smoking is allowed during classes. There is a resident staff of instructors, and visiting teachers and lecturers are drawn from the old-established University Extension organization and other educational resources.

The fees for a season's adult course of lectures or classes range from the equivalent of $.50 for a given subject to a composition fee of $1, while the whole of the young people's program (ages fifteen to eighteen) is included in a fee of roughly $.65: these sums, of course, represent somewhat more in England than in the United States, but even so the minimum wages of an adult agricultural laborer in Cambridgeshire is only $10.25. Special arrangements are made for cheap transport, and the previous year's leaving class of the senior school and all unemployed people of any age are admitted to all courses free of charge.

For the scope of these courses we may glance at recent programs of the Sawston College—not the best example in that Sawston itself is a partly urban place, with a paper-mill and a glove-factory, but it is the longest established and the most experienced of the colleges. For young people in the winter evenings of 1937-1938 its program includes classes in agriculture, needlework, cookery, metalwork, French and German languages, etc., with music, dancing, boxing, indoor games and so on for relaxation: you pay your half-crown (in instalments, if you like) and you take your choice. For adults in the season 1936-1937 there was a series of lectures on twentieth-century writers by a professor from Cambridge University; another on air-raid precautions; and another on bodily health; classes on agriculture metalwork and farm engineering, carpentering, cookery and dressmaking, modern languages, and the inevitable stuff labeled "crafts, art, etc.," and a series of addresses and discussions arising out of current radio talks on The Village. Then there were play-acting, orchestral and choral societies, folk-dancing, physical exercises and games.

OBVIOUSLY these colleges are an enterprising, imaginative and worth-while experiment, an undertaking which testifies to the courage and energy of the originator and of the educational authority concerned; and it must be said straight away that they are a very considerable success, in that they attract large numbers of the people for whom they are intended, people who are attracted by what they offer "practically," "culturally" and in recreation (half of them are between fifteen and twenty-one years old). It may well be that the Cambridgeshire experiment may "in the course of the next twenty years revolutionize our whole conception of the countryman's education." But whether that would be a revolution in the right direction is another matter, whose consideration would involve a discussion of such fundamental matters as: What constitutes education? What constitutes rural education? What sort of country folk does their work and the common good require? Should—can—their culture be similar to that of an urban intelligentsia or a university common-room?

One of the village-college wardens is reported to have said, "Through table-tennis to culture might be our slogan here." There surely spoke the authentic voice of a disrupted, atomized civilization, for which culture is not a condition of the personality attained through daily life, but a thing that can be learned, like double-entry bookkeeping. On the face of it much of the atmosphere and programs of these village colleges is one of stopping the exodus to the towns by bringing the town to the country; the nature of the literary and scientific preoccupations are disturbing; and one has a fear that even their specifically rural subjects are handled in a quasi-urban, "bourgeois" way. That fear may be ill-grounded—I hope it is. But one could not be certain either way without assiduously attending the courses of a college for a whole season, making contacts with the people and finding out for oneself.

I scented a possibility that an effect of these particular colleges might be to increase the immigration from the country by giving young people a yet further taste for what the town offers; I am assured that that is not so, that the local exodus has been lessened. So far, so good—but it does not dispel all doubts. Country people have as much to teach as to learn. The disaster of rural urbanization is referred to by Viscount Lymington in his recently published "Famine in England" in words that are more forcible than polite, but they are apposite here:

> So we find that a problem has been created and the well-meaning mediocrities who take second-hand life, like the projected glycerine tears of film stars, as "progress," are busy thinking of palliatives. One says, "Improve rural housing and amenities"; another says, "Morris-dancing and village cinemas"; and the prize ass says, "Bring the towns closer and make it easier for everyone to have, as it were, an *urbs in rure.*" In other words, since town standards are apparently those most valued, they would have us turn the country into the town.

The point being, of course, that the subjugation of the country by the industrial settlements, called cities, will then be complete, and the values and standards of The Strand and Fifth Avenue, of Bloomsbury and Main Street, will be supreme from the rising of the sun till its going down. And, so far as England is concerned, the primary life of the land will eventually come to an end altogether.

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Again, we are told that "the village college has a great part to play in keeping alive local crafts." But the only thing that can keep them alive is an effective demand for their products. That demand is already met by factory production, usually cheaply and conveniently if not well met (that is why those crafts are dying or dead). To revive them where there is no demand is to produce not craftsmen but hobbies, spare-time artists—which may be quite all right, but it is not historical rural civilization.

About one aspect of these colleges there can be no question—the excellence of the buildings. They are what I must call, for want of a better word, "functional"—and so are in the tradition of English rural building from the earliest times until the Victorian invasion. Five minutes from where I sit writing there is a small inn which I calculate to have been built about 150 years ago; it is a perfect building—and it is completely "functional." This unhappy word is really superfluous: if a man wants a sty for pigs he builds a pigsty, not a "gothic pigsty" or a "functional pigsty." And so with the Cambridgeshire village colleges, built not, indeed, for pigs, but for living temples of the Holy Ghost; they are admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are required, and "modernistic" (so-called) Bottisham and Linton sit down as happily and fittingly in the Cambridgeshire landscape as a stone cottage in the Cotswolds or an old flint church in East Anglia. So, too, when finished, will Impington, one of whose designers is Professor Walter Gropius, of Harvard.

"Religion" and the Handout

By WILLARD F. MOTLEY

BROKE again and hungry in a distant and strange city, I stood on the pavement and looked into a window. The sign on the store-front read:

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul
WORKING MEN'S CLUB
Free Reading, Recreation
EVERYONE WELCOME

I recalled other places:

Larimer Street in Denver strewed its bums and panhandlers along the curb. They elbowed each other into the street. They passed with collars turned up and hats turned down. At the corner, where 18th Street crosses Larimer, more of this roving, restless army of the damned moved along in a sloven, rabble procession, an endless flow of hardened faces and pinched bodies, a scarecrow race going nowhere.

Although for a nickel one could get pancakes and coffee at any of the dingy little restaurants on 18th Street I hadn't eaten that day. The night before I had sat in the mission on 18th listening to a two-hour sermon by a fat, well-fed preacher and had then been huddled into the basement with forty or fifty others where we were each given a rusty tin cup of broth into which the hind quarters of an animal may possibly have been dipped. The bum next to me had tried to drive the end of his spoon through one of the three slices of bread doled out to us and had failed.

I remembered the preacher pleading: "Who will come to Jesus tonight? Who will be saved? If you accept Jesus tonight raise your hand. Oh brothers, repent of your sins and be saved! Who has a testimony for us? Who will get up and say that he has been a sinner and accept God this night? Who will be washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

In Cheyenne I had been herded into the basement of a building flaunting the name of a nationally known and mendicant charitable organization. There, in a neighborhood that tolerates almost any vice, the hand of charity moves grudgingly among the poor devils of the street. There I sat down at a rough table with but six other hoboes. Spring had come and most of the bums and beggars had moved into the country and onto residential streets where they were content to panhandle or steal rather than accept a half-hearted dole. We were given a small tin plate of spaghetti that tasted of soap, three slices of bread and a cup of half warmed coffee without sugar or cream. Two bed bugs crawled on the tables. I should have been thankful, for the bread was at least fresh. But, somehow, I wasn't. Perhaps it was because the thought persisted that this organization flourished on begging—and begging on the streets—a digression for which I would unceremoniously have been bundled off to jail.

In Los Angeles I saw a sign at one of its many missions that told the hungry men on the street:

YOU MUST ATTEND THE SERVICES
TO EAT HERE

IT WAS no wonder, then, that I surveyed the sign in the Denver St. Vincent de Paul Society window with a cynical leer. Succor! Preachments perhaps! . . . Gosh but I was hungry!

A man sidled up to me. "Can you get a meal in there, buddy?" he asked.

"I doubt it."

"Goin' to try?"

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"Yeah. Why not?" I retorted, and shoved into the store-front, hat in hand and fully expecting a malicious rebuff. A little man stood behind a desk; a little old-fashioned man in shabby clothes.

"I—I'm hungry. . . ."

"They all are when they come in here," he smiled. "It's past feeding time but we can fix you up." He took my name down in a faded book. "Working anywhere?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, maybe we can get you something to do. Go back in the kitchen and tell them to fix you something to eat."

The kitchen was small and like any kitchen in any middle-class home. At a sink two men in shirt-sleeves were laughing together as they washed the dishes. Another, clearing the table off, saw me.

"Did you eat?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, sit down," he said with gruff good-humor.

The dishes were abandoned as the three of them set a place for me. They brought me a bowl of the best soup I have ever tasted and followed it with a heaping plate of stew, spaghetti (with tomatoes), cabbage and boiled potatoes. A plate of fresh bread appeared. Three cups of coffee were forced on me. They kept asking: "Do you want something more? Have you had enough?"

Escaping without drinking a fourth cup of coffee, already poured, I found the little man in charge still behind his desk. He smiled at me and asked: "Did you have enough?"

"Yes. Thank you—thank you."

"We feed at eight in the morning. Come in for breakfast, won't you?"

Dazed, I stood outside and tried to understand what had occurred. Not a word about saving my soul. Not a single request for a testimony, public or private. Not a word about God.

The next morning I went back for my breakfast. There were perhaps fifty of us in all. We sat in the store-front and talked to one another about work, about grabbing freights, about baseball scores. In batches of sixteen, as that was all the long table in the kitchen could hold, we sat down to a breakfast of oatmeal, coffee, bread and jelly. Five or six men waited on us; men like ourselves: bums, hoboes, transients.

Around the table sat men of all nationalities, of all creeds. A good number were atheists. Side by side sat the hardened road boy, the petty crook, the panhandler, the thief, the honest man out of work, the old criminal out of "stir" again and ready to resume his career, the tough, the smooth-cheeked boy on his first tilt with life, the hitch-hiker, the consumptive old man hawking into a dirty rag—the unloved and ungodly.

And always with us sat Saint Vincent de Paul. But he never asked that we say blessings; or that we save our souls by embracing his faith; or that we accept Jesus. The leopard was a leopard and as hungry as the scared boy who had run away from home and now wanted to run back. Saint Vincent asked only that he might feed us.

It is amazing what a change came over those men sitting there eating. The hard, pinched look left their faces. The cynical light in their eyes softened to a look of compassion and humility. Sometimes even tears were detected in eyes that had never wept. The edge had been taken off of all the men. Their roughness had been left on blatant Larimer Street. They laughed and conversed in modulated tones. It was always: "Please pass the bread." "Thank you." "Don't you want some more potatoes?" Never the slang or rough words of the street. And no man ever sat at that table with his hat on.

After breakfast I asked to help and was allowed to wash dishes, a job I jealously and devoutly attended to the full ten days I fed there. I grew to feel part of the society. I saw men come and go in those ten days. I saw "moochers" who arrived every day at mealtime and left as soon as they had eaten. Nothing was ever said to them. They were free to come and go, and never asked to do anything in payment for their meals. Perhaps Saint Vincent marked it against man's frailties.

Often we fed as high as a hundred men a day. There was always plenty to eat. Every day generous lemonade pitchers of cream stood on the table and besides them were plates heaped with fresh bread and half-pint bottles of cottage cheese. The store front was equipped with chairs and tables, an old piano and a profusion of books and magazines. A radio was at anyone's disposal and if it wasn't a ball game being broadcast it was generally a dance orchestra. Card playing was no sin.

And always in the background moved the little old-fashioned man making sure that everyone had had enough to eat and occasionally getting someone a job. He had cooked at sea, had owned several restaurants and now cooked for his transient family. He seemed perfectly happy and was the reincarnation of all Saint Vincent de Paul had been in humility, sympathy, kindness and compassion.

When I had enough money to travel on he filled the back of my car with potatoes, carrots, heads of cabbage and bread and stood in the doorway of the society waving goodbye to me; to one of his family.

I had never heard him speak of God. Yet he and the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Denver have no doubt brought more men toward a more godly way of living than a score of evangelists who implore: "Who will be saved? Who will take Jesus into his heart tonight?"

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Father Francis A. Walsh, O.S.B.

By KENTON KILMER

NOTHING would have amused Father Francis Augustine Walsh, O.S.B., more than the thought of having an obituary article written about him. He was the kind of man with whom no one could be solemn, and it would not be easy to achieve the proper mortuary tone in writing of him. He laughed at God as one laughs in love and good-fellowship, when one cannot speak for fear of saying something sentimental; and he laughed at the devil in scorn. No one, I think, could possibly have realized, while in his presence, how great a man he was. Anyone who had acknowledged in front of him such a realization would have been answered by incredulous amazement.

He was a large man, rather over the average height, and heavily built. His thinning and greying light brown hair was always carefully combed and plastered down, somehow giving the impression that he had so fixed it in order that it would be out of his way. His eyes twinkled so—his expression was such a mixture of astonishment, sly merriment, infantile mock shyness, and affectionate good-nature—that it is hard to remember the color of his eyes. His parting gesture—right hand raised with thumb and two fingers straight out together, and a gay twirl of that hand—looked like a modestly concealed blessing.

After parting with him, you would begin to see the scope of his abilities and interests. Let us suppose you had gone to see him in his capacity as a teacher of philosophy in the Graduate School of the Catholic University of America: you would have found him in the office he had as regent of the seminary, working perhaps on plans having to do with the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. If asked, he would have admitted that he had an official position in that organization, but it is hard to imagine him saying, though it was true, that he was director of the National Center of the Confraternity, and had been director of the Institute of Apologetics at the Catholic University Summer School of 1932, from which grew the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Later, thinking over the conversation, you would remember his mentioning an article he had just accepted for the *New Scholasticism,* and come to the correct conclusion that he was editor of that magazine. You would recall a funny story he had told about some girls at Trinity College, and see from a consideration of circumstances mentioned in the story, that he must be teaching ethics there. You would remember about the young colored man who interrupted your conference for a moment with some message about the Newman Club at Howard University, and know that Father Walsh was an influential adviser of that club.

Not only Father Walsh, but those who knew him best, would have laughed had you expressed astonishment at these varied activities, and wondered how he found time to do all his work. Father Michael Ducey, O.S.B., his superior at St. Anselm's Priory, might have explained to you that you knew only about half of Father Walsh's activities; that he was one of the founders of the priory, and took his full share in the work and ceremonies of the house; that he had been, from 1924 to 1930, editor and business manager of the priory's magazine, the *Placidian,* and its chief contributor; that from 1926 to 1930 he had taught the regular classes in religion at St. Anthony's High School in Brookland, D. C.; that he was on the Advisory Board of the Catholic Educational Association; that in addititon to acting as regent of the seminary he taught philosophy, theology and catechetics to the seminary students; and that he was co-founder and chairman of the Conference on Negro Welfare.

This conference was a project particularly dear to Father Walsh's heart. Its purpose is to encourage all Catholic works for the betterment of the Negro's condition, and, through many kinds of publicity, to interest white American Catholics in the spiritual welfare of the Negro. Its members are priests, of many orders and types of work, and they are assisted by organizations such as the Catholic Interracial Council, and by laymen. Through his work with the Newman Club at Howard University, Father Walsh had been impressed with the need for such work as is being done by the conference, and was energetic in the organization and carrying out of the program.

In his spare time, so to speak, Father Walsh wrote frequently for THE COMMONWEAL, the *New Scholasticism,* the *Ecclesiastical Review, Wisdom,* the *Catholic Educational Review,* the *Extension Magazine,* the *Catholic Historical Review,* the *Journal of Religious Instruction,* the *Interracial Review* and other magazines. He was also the author of many pamphlets on various subjects. When he was confined in a hospital for three months, he seized the opportunity for uninterrupted writing, and wrote "A Manual for Seminarists." No one knows how he found time to write "The Priest, God, and the World," published by Benziger in 1937, particularly as "The Daily Missal," which he edited, was published by Benziger in the same year. Father Walsh edited the six "Benedictine Historical Monographs,"

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published by St. Anselm's Priory, and was associate editor of "Monographs of Psychology and Psychiatry," published under the auspices of the Catholic University of America.

The most remarkable thing about Father Walsh as a teacher of philosophy, to my mind, was his fairness to the historic opponents of scholastic philosophy. He was not content with pointing out errors in the course of reasoning of such a man as Descartes, for instance, but always labored sympathetically to show the reasons for the errors, and how closely they often approach the truth. His lectures were stimulating and often amusing, and at the end of one you would find your mind facing forward with a sort of spiritual momentum, to further thoughts and speculations suggested by his comments.

Father Walsh's reputation as a philosopher is indicated by his having been elected president of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, 1933-1934. In the total count of his writings and occupations—and the compiling of such a count would be almost a life work—philosophy would probably take the first place. At the time of his death, last summer, Father Walsh was engaged upon a book to be called "Integral Philosophy." As long ago as 1914, he was teaching philosophy, history of philosophy and sociology at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, and holding the position of vice-rector of the seminary. Never thereafter was he without classes in philosophy, with the possible exception of the time he served as chaplain in the U. S. Army, 217th Engineers. And even then, no doubt, there were many informal discussions that were essentially classes in philosophy.

IT SEEMS strange to look back at this crowded summary of Father Walsh's activities and positions, and realize that, except for the mention of St. Mary's Seminary and the chaplaincy, it represents only fourteen years of his life, and leaves unmentioned what to thousands of people was the most important aspect of his career—his association with Cincinnati. He was born near there, at Lockland, on the feast of Saint Benedict, March 21, 1884, the son of Thomas and Mary Comerford Walsh. His father came from County Clare, and his mother from County Kilkenny, in Ireland. Except for a year at the Capranica College in Rome, his entire education was in institutions in or near Cincinnati. It was from St. Francis Xavier College in that city that he received his A.B. in 1903 and his Ph.D. in 1922. His grammar school education had been received at the parochial school of St. Charles Borromeo in Carthage, and it was in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo that he was ordained, after three years in Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of the West and a year in Rome, on September 15, 1907. After four years of assisting in various parishes of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, he was brought back to the Seminary of Mt. St. Mary to teach, and, after three years there, attained the dual position mentioned. During the war, his superiors allowed him to enter the army as chaplain. He was chaplain of the base hospital at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, during the influenza epidemic of 1918. Later, he served at Camp Humphreys, and received his discharge at Camp Beauregard.

Father Walsh was then reinstalled at Mt. St. Mary's, and later took on the pastorate of St. Andrew's Parish in Avondale, Cincinnati. This was the one known occasion on which Father Walsh was forced to admit that he had undertaken more than he could do. He was taking part in the management of the seminary, teaching three subjects there, performing all his duties as pastor of a large parish, serving as Pro-synodal Examiner and Censor Librorum for the archdiocese, and conducting classes in philosophy and allied subjects at various institutions throughout the city of Cincinnati. In 1921 he reluctantly gave up his position at the seminary, but continued all his other work until he was transferred to the Catholic University in 1923.

There he became associated with the group of scholars who were planning the establishment of a Benedictine monastery near the university, and in that same year went with them to the Abbey of Fort Augustus, in Scotland, to make his novitiate. On their return, this group founded St. Anselm's Priory, and its members took up their teaching duties at the university. From then on, the priory was Father Walsh's home, and he considered its welfare as his responsibility. He was glad that his teaching and other work, with the work of his fellow monks, should bring luster to the name of the priory, and he was glad that the money he could earn by writing, speaking, and assisting in various parishes, could add a little to the meager funds on which the priory exists.

With all his responsibilities, titles and interests, you could never detect from Father Walsh's manner that he had anything better to do than to talk to you. He was always cordial and jovial, and gave sympathy and help to any who asked them of him. One of his most important unlisted activities was the regularizing of illicit marriages, and the straightening of all similar tangles in the lives of the young people of his acquaintance. An amusing story with a touch of biting wit in it, a word or two of wordly wisdom, and a word of familiar Catholic doctrine—and what had seemed hopelessly involved became a simple matter, with an obvious solution.

There is a story about the Curé d'Ars that seems to me to illustrate the quality of Father Walsh's understanding of human nature. A certain man went to the Curé and announced that he had

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doubts. The Curé made a bargain, by the terms of which the man was to make his long overdue confession first, and then would be allowed to expatiate on the matters of doctrine that were troubling him. When he had made his confession and received absolution, the Curé asked; "And now, what are your doubts?" To which the man answered, shamefaced; "I don't remember."

Father Walsh's thorough holiness and love for God and man were not tainted by any pious sentimentalities and credulities. I remember his telling the tale of a holy woman, noted for strange phenomena and reputed miracles, who was visited by a friend of his, a priest, for investigation of her apparently supernatural powers. When the priest entered the hall, she was coming down the stairs, and suddenly she seemed to dive, and landed full on her head at his feet. He was rather surprised (as Father Walsh put it) but she seemed not to have noticed the occurrence, and they went together into the living room to talk. While they were there, the telephone, at the other end of the room, suddenly came apart. The transmitter flew off, hurled itself across the room, and struck her a resounding blow in the center of the forehead. Again she seemed not to notice, and no further unusual incident occurred.

The group that had listened to this story sat silent, not knowing what to think or say, and rather bewildered, until Father Walsh said, with a snort and a chuckle; "Some people think she had communication with God, but it looks very much as though she had the wrong number."

It would be strange if such a man as I have described had not had a great many friends. Father Walsh's intimate friends, like those of the late Father Francis P. Duffy, were numbered not in hundreds, but in thousands. And each, like myself, though mourning his departure from us, cannot but rejoice with confidence upon his entry into the courts of God.

On Each Face

When the guarded heart is stormed, and the gates, that keep
The innermost wards, are forced and broken wide;
When the yielded heart, without defense or pride,
Swings open to fate, a shield is lowered, a screen
Falls from the face we know, as it falls in sleep,
And the features stand revealed,
Lovely for one time only, whole and healed,
Seeming a new face with a new name.
The lines of the years, the frustrate lines and mean,
Are lost in light that is drawn from a deep place,
Beyond the altering flesh; that light, that grace,
On the face of love and the face of grief I have seen;
I have seen the same
Pierced and surrendering beauty on each face.

KATHARINE CHAMBERS.

Points & Lines

New Deal-Business Appeasement

THE SCRAMBLE of the New Deal to shift from the reform to the recovery side of the field has reached practically riot proportions. Perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt is the only one who still holds back. In a recent speech she gave it as her opinion that the New Deal so far has only managed to give the country time to think about more essential reform, implying certainly that the major reforms the country needs are yet to come. Although it is impossible to object sincerely to this view, the New Deal gives every impression of wanting to settle a still longer and more passive pause on the country while national income, produced by the traditional (or old-fashioned) system of political economy, goes up again over $80,000,000,000 per year. The day before he sailed from Key West to the naval sports, President Roosevelt gave an encouraging interview concerning "business appeasement." Mr. Belair of the New York *Times* reported:

> President Roosevelt assured business and industry today that they would not be called upon to shoulder new or higher taxes for financing New Deal programs and that they could look forward without any misgivings as to the administration's objectives in the months ahead.

The President used as an example of an industry which ought to feel fine about the cooperation of government, the utilities. He specifically urged business not to worry about new or heavier taxes. He did support the present type of governmental expenses. In fact, in all the recent appeasement talk of the administration, no concession has been made on the budget question.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau was the next administrative suitor of business confidence. Arthur Krock says in the New York *Times:*

> In other words, Mr. Morgenthau has said to the revenue-raising committees of Congress: We are behind you in removing from the tax structure all deterrents to business and normal capital risks. We have data from you in support of changes to this end. We will send you no more proposals like the undistributed profits tax. We will not resist, statistically or otherwise, proper changes in the capital gains schedules. We want you to invest and make reasonable profits because on these the Treasury has a 20 percent first lien, and the more you make the sooner the government and the country will be in good order.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* editorializes:

> President Roosevelt and Secretary Morgenthau have given assurances that there will be no new taxes. Mr. Farley made a speech in Miami in which he advocated the nurturing of business "as the only means of obtaining more comfort for the have-nots." Sweeping curtsies to business have also been made in utterances of Secretaries Hopkins, Wallace, Woodring and Perkins. . . .
>
> The amount of money lying idle in our banks today is greater than at any previous time in our history. According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the proportion of loans to our total bank deposits and capital funds averaged 39 percent for the past five years, against 63 per-

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cent for the preceding eleven years. The surplus of deposits and capital over loans and investments has more than trebled in the past five years. Excess bank reserves are sufficient, it is estimated, to serve as a base for 25 billion dollars' worth of new credit. But this credit is remaining idle, and idle with it are 10,000,000 jobless men and women. The seriousness of this cannot be denied. . . .

In Germany, the drying up of private investment, caused by the disappearance of profits, is forcing the rapid replacement of private capitalism with state capitalism. There is a lesson in this for America.

The Des Moines speech of Secretary Hopkins was the big step in the advance to business. The "great press" generally met the advances with pleasure but restrained hope. The Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram* wrote:

To the rising chorus of administration sympathy with the problems of business has been added the voice of Harry L. Hopkins. The high note of last night's Des Moines speech by the Secretary of Commerce was sounded in these six words: "The answer is found in volume."

There is no other answer, for business or for the administration. Increase volume—that is, business activity—and this can become an eighty-billion-dollar country and better. . . .

We won't cheer too loudly, just yet. So far, the administration is merely describing the picture. We want to see the words translated into action, and the action given sustained continuity.

The Baltimore *Sun* believes:

But the fact remains that Mr. Hopkins did, last night, make an engaging speech and one which, taken at its face value, should provide some reassurance to business and to the country in general. . . .

It can perhaps be safely said, therefore, that Mr. Hopkins's mood of last night is a faithful representation of Mr. Roosevelt's mood of the moment, as far as his attitude toward business and businessmen is concerned. . . . This concern, moreover, may well continue longer than most of Mr. Roosevelt's moods.

Less conservative comment generally pointed out that business indeed wants appeasement, but will insist on most reactionary gifts before it will be appeased. The *Nation* observes:

The main obstacle is the tendency of business to dig in on the line, "We must have confidence," and when asked what the price will be, to pitch it exorbitantly high.

The New York conservative *Herald Tribune* gives some indication of where the changes are to be made:

Unfortunately the real tests of Mr. Hopkins as a restorer of prosperity lie much deeper. They relate, first, to his understanding of the problems involved, and, second, to the willingness of the New Deal to correct those errors which at present make recovery impossible.

The list of these "errors" shows the tory demands: the TVA, the "revengeful spirit," the Wagner act, spending policies, the successors to NRA, the wages and hours law, the undistributed profits tax, SEC, "over-regulation," and finally relief. The *Christian Science Monitor* was one of the few conservative papers which hinted that appeasement had to come from business too:

But it is much to have the Secretary of Commerce making an appeal for democratic unity and mutual understanding. That is the most essential ingredient of confidence, and business men still becoming acclimated to a new social-political weather have as much to contribute to it as has a government still becoming reconciled to the fact that it cannot make the world over in a week.

Walter Lippmann's diagnosis is this:

What is happening now is Mr. Roosevelt's response to what he has learned from Congress about the results of the elections. . . . The theory behind the present policy is that the popular following of the New Deal can be held in line by keeping in the key positions men, like Mr. Hopkins, whose New Deal sympathies are well known. . . . Then, the opposition is to be managed by making concessions which will bring about such substantial economic recovery that the discontent dies away. . . .

If the President had accepted the results of the election, if he had realized that the New Dealers are politically lame ducks, if he had reorganized his cabinet and his inner council to give effective representation to the winning faction, he would have reestablished his political credit. He could then have gotten large results by essentially minor concessions. But on the line he has chosen, he will have to make radical concessions to obtain results.

Barron's Weekly brings out this point of personnel at the end of its analysis of the Hopkins speech:

If it does nothing else, Hopkins's frank speech will clear the air. It has given business notice where it can expect changes in New Deal policy—and where it cannot. It promises aggressive efforts—and Hopkins is No. 2 New Dealer today because he is the capital's leading go-getter—in the railroads, housing and utility fields. . . .

But in serving notice, also, that with regard to spending the New Deal still stands on the implications of Roosevelt's recent message to Congress—that there will be no balancing of the budget until increased business turnover balances it by an automatic, simultaneous increase in revenue and decrease in such expenses as relief—Hopkins is doing nothing more than to lay a coldly factual situation before his business audience. . . . Political and business demands for balancing the budget by reducing expenditures always presupposes that the reduction will be carried on at someone else's expense.

Which leaves it about like this: Can confidence be revived under the New Deal—*at all,* or must there be a conservative at the helm before investors will take risks? That's not only the crucial question in this country today—it's also an engrossing study in national psychology.

Resignations from the Lawyers' Guild

A LITTLE over two years ago announcement was made of the formation of the National Lawyers' Guild, which was to be a "progressive force in the life of the nation." Among its sponsors were such legal liberals as Judge Pecora, Frank P. Walsh, Morris Ernest and Professor Karl N. Llewellyn. The new organization was to provide a forum for the expression of liberal sentiments which would not meet with the approval of the more cautious and conservative American Bar Association.

At its last general meeting, some weeks ago, Judge Pecora, the retiring president, made a speech in which he said, among other things (New York *Times*):

Communism, fascism, nazism, any ism, be it of this nation or an alien organization which seeks to supplant our democracy, is a target for our attack. We denounce and we will combat any system subversive of the principle of democracy.

At a subsequent meeting of the Guild's Executive Board, Morris Ernest introduced the following resolution:

We . . . reaffirm our faith in the democratic processes and in the Bill of Rights, in the freedom of speech, assemblage and religious worship. We believe that these elemental American rights are an end in themselves, and

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> emphatically reject the view that they are but the means to an end. We are opposed to dictatorship of any kind, left or right, whether fascist, communist or nazi.

Considerable objection was taken to this resolution on the ground that its substance was already covered in the preamble of the Guild's constitution. Mr. Ernest Cuneo of New York then introduced a resolution giving unqualified approval to Mr. Pecora's speech. It was defeated. Finally the Board adopted a resolution endorsing Justice Pecora's speech "in principle," which was taken by some to indicate that the board had reservations about accepting the speech as a whole.

Feeling on the subject ran high until Judge Pecora and a number of those in sympathy threatened to resign unless an unequivocal endorsement was given to the condemnation of fascism and communism alike. Frank P. Walsh, honorary president of the Guild, chairman of the New York State Power Authority and a prominent New Deal lawyer, then resigned and refused membership on the National Executive Board, in support of Judge Pecora's stand. The next day it was announced that a conference had been held at Judge Pecora's New York apartment between himself, some of his adherents, the present president of the Guild, Judge John J. Gutknecht of Chicago, and George Quilici, president of the Chicago Chapter. The final result of this conference was the following statement by Mr. Pecora:

> After a conference with Judge Gutknecht, the newly elected president of the National Lawyers Guild, and other prominent members of the Guild, I have indicated I would continue my membership in it provided I became satisfied that there would be no attempt in the future on the part of anyone to use the Guild as a medium for advocating communism, fascism, nazism or any of the political philosophies repugnant to the American philosophy.
>
> Judge Gutknecht stated that he felt certain, after talking with representative liberals in the legal profession throughout the country, that the Guild's continuance was vital to the preservaiton of the Bill of Rights as the basic principle of American life. I cordially agree with him.

Individual chapters of the Guild have put themselves on record as being equally opposed to communism, fascism and nazism. Meanwhile Frank Walsh's resignation sticks, at least until an unequivocal declaration on this subject is issued by the Guild's Executive Board.

One might have expected the Stalinist *Daily Worker* to take a clear and logical line on the matter, refusing to admit that communism is undemocratic, as are fascism and nazism. With such a line one might heartily disagree, but at least it is logical and represents a theoretical distinction. But not at all. Instead the *Daily Worker* indulges in another piece of Stalinist figure skating:

> The membership of the Lawyers Guild will notice with astonishment that they have suddenly been granted leading honors on the editorial page of the New York *Sun*, organ of tough toryism.
>
> In its valiant support for New Deal measures, the Lawyers Guild could hardly win a few inches of news space in the *Sun*, not to speak of a leading editorial. Why the sudden editorial interest? . . .
>
> With its knowledge of the valiant support which the Lawyers Guild has given . . . New Deal measures, it is enough for the *Sun* to hear rumors to leap eagerly into waters which it hopes are troubled and which it hopes it can muddy still further.
>
> It would be well for progressives of all shades of opinion to keep in mind that aggravated dissensions endanger precisely those New Deal achievements in support of which the Lawyers' Guild was formed.

Heywood Broun became almost incomprehensible on the subject; his chief point seemed to be that a movement to be successful must have teamwork directed at the immediate end in view, regardless of the political, economic or religious views of the members of the team. Liberals, he seems to say, are incapable of such teamwork.

> Such things have happened in our own day. There are the cases of Homer Martin, of the Automobile Workers' Union; of Professor Counts among the teachers, and of Walsh and Pecora in the Lawyers' Guild. The rugged individualist is not only useful but he is reluctant to learn the lesson that, in the long run, the mass in any movement must be more important than any single man.

The New York *Post* sums the incident up with what seems a likely interpretation:

> The National Lawyers' Guild soon became an important factor. And then it happened—
>
> The liberal founders suddenly awakened to discover that radicals, extremists largely made up of the Stalin brand of Communists, had sneaked under the main tent while the founders' backs were turned. Posing as liberals, they had taken over control of the important offices. . . .
>
> There is virtually the same difference between a liberal and a Communist as there is between a liberal and a Fascist. Communism, with its complete suppression of civil rights and religious freedom under a dictatorship, is no kin whatever to democracy.
>
> It is encouraging to note that the New York chapter of the guild unequivocally went on record last night as opposed to ALL the isms and that Judge Gutknecht, the new national president, also expressly denounced every brand of dictatorship.

Impending War and Guam

SO MANY guesses are being voiced about the imminence of a European war this spring that the prospects are far from clear. Here are samples of the pessimistic side cited in the *New Republic:*

> Alarmist reports from Europe have recently trickled into the news. Sir Willmot Lewis, Washington correspondent of the London *Times*, said in a radio broadcast that he had heard from usually well-informed sources in London that Germany is beginning a new mobilization, which will be completed early in March. Mr. William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard papers, stated in a feature article that Germany businessmen in this country and Latin America had been warned by their connections in the Reich to be prepared for an international showdown this spring. Italy would press her Mediterranean claims against France, Germany her desired hegemony over Rumania and Hungary in preparation for an advance on the Ukraine, and Japan her demand for the maritime provinces of Siberia.

The *New Republic* itself looked rather for continued appeasement à la Munich, while Walter Lippmann wrote most hopefully of the possibilities of preserving peace through a purely defensive policy. Most striking of all was an article by Demaree Bess from Geneva in the *Saturday Evening Post,* which maintained on the basis of extended European travels that the people over there are quite reconciled to Munich and German hegemony in Europe. But they are worried about American interference in their affairs. Mr. Bess goes on to say:

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> I believe that events of the past few months, since the Munich settlement, can be woven into a strong argument to support the thesis that uncertainties and shifts in American foreign policy are more dangerous today to world peace than any other factor in the world situation. Unless the American people understand and exercise control over individuals and forces which are impelling them today into the thick of power politics, we may find ourselves not only participating in a European war, as we did in 1917, but actually starting one.

In addition to passionate partizanships in distant causes the people of the United States continue to build up the national military machine. According to *Newsweek:*

> Displaying an almost seismographic sensitivity to foreign rumblings and domestic tremors alike, Congress last week hastened to put United States defenses in shape for any eventuality. By the amazing near unanimity of 367 to 15 the House railroaded through the $376,000,000 Army expansion bill, and on the same day its Naval Affairs Committee approved $52,000,000 of the Navy's $65,000,000 air and sea base program, hardly batting an eye over the $5,000,000 item for improving Guam at the expense of Japanese ire.

But the House took things into its own hands and by a vote of 205 to 168 eliminated the Guam item before passing the naval air base bill. This lone peaceful gesture toward the Rightist axis met with bitter protests. As has happened more than once in recent months ultra-conservatives and outright Marxists expressed common indignation. The Chicago *Daily News* said editorially:

> The defeat of the $5,000,000 appropriation for a naval base at Guam by a coalition of Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats in the House of Representatives yesterday was a sad mistake. Naval defense is a technical matter. Our admirals asked for the base. The President asked for it. But the House refused it. Why? . . . The real reason we fear was the common desire of Republicans and anti-Roosevelt Democrats to hit a blow at Roosevelt. . . . What are our misguided congressmen trying to do? Get us ready for some future Munich with Japan?

The New York *Herald Tribune* says of the vote:

> It seems to us that it was clearly mistaken. Japan is not going to declare war on the United States because we dredge a lot of coral heads out of Apra Harbor or surround it with a breakwater, any more than the United States declared war on Japan for doing the same thing (if no more) with her neighboring mandated islands which she had solemnly promised not to militarize.

Without any qualifications says the Stalinist *Daily Worker:*

> The Tory "revolt" in the House against strengthening the island of Guam is a matter which deserves serious thought by every American who wants this country to stay at peace. Let no one be deceived by the propaganda of the President's enemies. *This vote against Guam is a war vote.* It does not strengthen America's chances for peace; it very much weakens our chances of staying at peace, for the plain and simple reason that the Japanese branch of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo war firm will gleefully take it as a signal for new aggressions in the Pacific Ocean.

The country generally reacted favorably on the grounds that the island lies thousands of miles east of the Hawaii-Panama-Aleutian Islands defense zone and because of this decision's conciliatory character. This view is expressed by the Baltimore *Sun:*

> By telling Japan that we do not propose at this time to utilize this island as a possible point of attack against her we have poured oil on troubled diplomatic waters. That much is gained.

Communications

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Since vocational training has become the bone of so much contention, may we check up on a few rather vicious remarks made by one of your correspondents in your January 20 issue, which has just been brought to my attention?

Vocational schools "are merely the dump-heap for those pupils who do not make good in the academic schools." As a parent of a pupil in one of these schools, and from observation, I know this to be a deliberate and vicious lie. On the contrary, they are for the most part clean and whole-hearted kids, with "something between their ears," who, with unusual common sense, have realized their ineptness and distaste for academic subjects per se, and have made up their minds to train themselves for a field into which they can fit. This rather than clutter up still further the already over-crowded and static so-called "professional field." More power to them. The lack of jobs that these pupils are trained for is not due so much to the schools, but to the general paucity of all jobs, that has put even expert craftsmen on the bread lines. Mr. Woolf has the cart before the horse here.

The disciplinary problem is not peculiar to the vocational school, but is general throughout the whole system. It is a direct reflection of the "scoff-law" attitude of the general public, the parents of these pupils, and should be a source of grave concern to all right-minded citizens. With the general corruption that is prevalent throughout the land, and the muck-rakers busily at work turning over the stinking filth for our perfervid view, this is not so surprising.

"Equipment and facilities are woefully lacking . . . causing great inadequacy in the actual training process." This may have been true in the beginning, but with the new buildings now opened and equipped, your correspondent must be blind to make such a statement. How about Sam Gompers, Bronx Vocational, Jane Addams Vocational, N. Y. School of Printing, High School for the Needle Trades, H. S. for Home Making, McKee and Queens Vocational, Auto Motive Trades, and the Girls Dressmaking and Design, on Pacific Street, Brooklyn?

Vocational training is like all pioneer attempts at the equitable improvement of the social order. It is condemned before it has had a fair trial, and is often deliberately misconstrued for the purpose of controverting its success! The same vicious opposition has thwarted most of the attempts to make the so-called "New Deal" philosophies function. Their values are belittled by making them appear ridiculous or impracticable, before they have had a fair chance to be worked out, revamped and refitted to meet the situations that called them into being. The NRA was deliberately poisoned at its conception, hamstrung at its birth, and made impotent by a vicious and deliberate legal conspiracy, engineered and financed by so-called "Big Business."

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This idea was carried out by housing the first vocational schools in unheated, and mostly condemned, and obsolete school buildings, and defunct armories (see photos of the first Auto Motive Trade school buildings), and their "equipment" was a ghastly joke. Despite these seemingly insuperable handicaps, the inherent worth of the idea precariously wormed its way through, and blossomed, rather anemically and wanly at first, I must admit, but—it refused to die, despite the vicious hits below the belt, and the reams of manufactured opprobrium that its many shortcomings brought forth.

Discouraged, but fighting gamely on, men like George Piggott refused to "take it lying down," but redoubled their efforts to salvage the basic idea. They enlisted a grudging press and a dubious Board of Trade in its behalf. Despite organized and skilfully directed opposition from the diehard "standpatters" of the old school, the idea grew, until it reached its present stage, with appropriate buildings, and a fairly functioning and trained teaching staff and personnel. Lastly, the public is slowly waking up to the fact that there is something to be salvaged from these so-called "misfit students." They were misfits principally because no one had ever made an intelligent effort to make them fit into anything. They had merely been conveniently labeled "dumbells," and were then tossed out to work out their own salvation, amid the maze of pool rooms, "cellar clubs" and other miasmatic influences which beset their budding adolescence like a plague. Small wonder that the "juvenile delinquents" problem rose in numbers to an all-consuming tide. Indifferent parents, poor homes and the gang on the corner did the rest.

If the vocational schools have done nothing else but take up some of the dangerous slack in the adolescents' time, and help to direct into channels that restore their self-respect, and confidence in their own ability to make a living, then it has more than justified the expense that its existence has entailed! The dividends that they will pay in good citizenship can never be adequately figured out. Corrective institutions and jails have cost us far more than this, but they can pay no dividends, except in heartaches and thwarted ambitions. This is the real philosophy of vocational training, to train the youth how to take care of himself rather than to look for a paternal government to wet nurse and coddle him from the cradle to the grave, and beyond!

Now as to the graduation placement from these schools. The automotive trade school averages better than 50 percent, with the others from 30 to 50 percent. These percentages are the more remarkable when we consider that the world is going through the toughest period of unemployment that it has ever known. With normal demands that better times must bring, these percentages will necessarily be higher and better.

When a baby is born, it cannot get up and walk and dress itself and feed itself, in its first month or year of its life. Its needs must be met, and met intelligently. Forty years ago, in my own profession, serum therapy was born. Hundreds were killed by its first unskilful use. It was trimmed and remade, and adjusted, and its shortcomings finally remedied, till it now does a good job well. Had we abandoned it as useless, while it was in its swaddling clothes, millions would have died from the dreaded diphtheria, typhoid, diabetes, pernicious anemia, and lastly that arch scourge, pneumonia, which has yielded to this tool just within the last year. Yet its advent was fraught with the most vicious and ignorant opposition that medicine has ever known. The present hero of its advent, the great von Behring, was spat upon, and humiliated, and vilified as a quack, a charlatan, nay, even as a murderer! I ask you, could we get along today without his great idea and brain child? But—it was new and bizarre in its inception, and had to fight for its very life (and such a life and boon to mankind has it turned out to be), a bitterly intrenched opposition, before its innate and sterling worth shone through! Thus always is the pioneer crucified, even as was our Saviour. Thus is the vocational school idea pilloried today.

The not far distant future will prove the inherent worth of vocational training, and the foresight and vision of its trail blazers and pioneers. It is a new tool, it has a very keen edge, and it cuts too deeply at times. But why blame the tool for our own lack of skill in using it? It must be studied, and reshaped and altered till we can make it do its job well. The one boy or girl that it helps to shape into a better and more useful and respected life and citizenship, will more than justify the cut fingers and the bruised knuckles that its fledgling use produces in our hands today. Let it help give the boy and girl their chance. We cannot all be lawyers, doctors, druggists, engineers, dentists, ministers. We still have need for our plumbers, roofers, electricians, auto and airplane mechanics, bricklayers and carpenters. The Founder of Christ's Church here on earth was a Carpenter, and we will have to admit that He did a pretty good job. He also confounded the lawyers, doctors and teachers, the Scribes and Pharisees of His day. Let's not lose sight of this fact, in our smug "professional conceit."

THOMAS FRANCIS NEVINS, M.D.

SCHUSCHNIGG IN THE THIRD REICH

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editors: Millions of Americans are following the political activities of the European countries, especially of Germany. It is natural, therefore, that various viewpoints influence the judgment of the observer, according to his temperament, his political observation, his religious sensitivities, and his general mental development. Many Americans have made no attempt to learn the basic principles of the new German *Weltanschauung* or the political philosophy of the National Socialist party —but judge it according to their sentiments, which after all, when one's intellect is normal, is not the worst method of reaching a correct judgment.

I have no desire to enter into any discussion for or against the idea and principles of Germany's political philosophy. I do desire, however, to touch upon a side of Germany's development, a side that has influenced many in America of all classes and creeds—that of Germany's humaneness. It is easy to understand that each and every political opponent is a danger to the ruling régime, and

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one can have various viewpoints regarding the methods of making an opponent innocuous. Nevertheless, an honorable opponent is always respected, his person and opinion honored, and this occurs even today in the so-called civilized world. Especially in former Austria there was a political ruling class which, loyal to its innermost convictions, its religious sentiments and hallowed traditions, followed a political path that had unquestionably a great number of adherents. The leader of this group, the last Chancellor of independent Austria, Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, was a man respected throughout the entire world on account of his high ethical viewpoint, his sincerity and his incomparable correctness of behavior.

This man who, actuated by a desire to follow his sworn duty, fought a heroic fight to preserve the independence of Austria, an almost hopeless battle against an overwhelming adversary, ought to be understood and respected. Especially should he be respected and admired for his behavior after he knew that the union of Austria and Germany had become a reality. He refused to make his escape by airplane from the new masters of his country. He saw no reason why he should retreat from his opponent. He had followed only his sworn duty and could look his political enemies in the eye. It turned out to be otherwise. Dr. von Schuschnigg was arrested and, nearly a year after Austria has disappeared, has not been set free. One hears that he is in the custody of the secret police (Gestapo) in Vienna and is not enjoying especially good health. Likewise most of Dr. von Schuschnigg's colleagues and Ministers of State as well as the majority of the leaders of the Fatherland Front, that is, the entire ruling class of Austria, is now either in "protective custody" or dying in concentration camps. Of what crimes were these men guilty? They had done their duty, they had sworn allegiance to the Austrian state and to their leader and could not in conscience break their oaths.

Not one of these unfortunate men had ever broken any of the laws of the German code, which is now the law of Austria. No one can blame them for their behavior after Austria was annexed, but they are being punished and imprisoned for conscientious service to their own Fatherland. Not on political grounds but for purely humane reasons, should we in America request the release from their prisons of Dr. von Schuschnigg and all his followers in the now extinct Austria. . . .

If Chancellor Hitler would relinquish any spirit of revenge and retaliation toward these men, his former political opponents, the whole world, especially America, would greet his attitude with great satisfaction and pleasure.

May I ask that each of your readers write to:

"Chancellor Hitler
"Berschtesgaden

"Please release Dr. von Schuschnigg and the Austrian leaders."

An action like this signed by thousands of free and independent Americans would wield influence; perhaps, too, our diplomatic representatives might utter a few discreet hints which would reach the ears of the mighty.

JOSEPH B. KILBOURN, M.D.

FOR PATMORE LOVERS

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: "The Mystical Poems of Nuptial Love," by Coventry Patmore, edited by Rev. Terence L. Connolly, S.J., has been subjected to some very arbitrary criticism, to say the least, by Mr. George N. Shuster in THE COMMONWEAL for January 13. While Father Connolly's reputation as a literary scholar will not be lessened by such pontificating, still, I think a service will be done to fair-minded criticism by my calling attention to some of the statements of the article in order to refute them.

Father Connolly is represented by the reviewer as having "fallen between two stools"; because, presumably, he has attempted a book of spiritual reading, and perhaps, at the same time, designed to offer to help the literary student. Both attempts are classified as futile. He is blamed for the inclusion of the political odes, in the first presumption; he is blamed for lack of simplicity and scholarly presentation, in the alternative supposition. Father Connolly's one unswerving purpose in this devoted editing was to make Patmore better understood by a generation that is in need of his message. In order to accomplish this task, he presented, *in extenso,* passages of Patmore's prose works to illustrate his poetry. He gathered with meticulous care and applied with fine discrimination excerpts from the works of the mystics, of theologians, as well as from the Scriptures; which works Patmore, himself, indicated as the sources of his seeming "originality." This matter the poet used in order to "dig again the wells which the Philistines have filled." For Patmore, the Incarnation was *all:* that Love he saw as union; that union he sang as reality and as symbol. As Champneys says, this same nuptial analogy he brought to bear upon all the important questions of life. Hence, the political odes have a place in this oneness of Patmore's scheme. It is true, "The Angel in the House" is the essence of Patmore's poetry; but, surely, "The Unknown Eros" has herein been annotated as that earlier poem reaching the union that it "lovingly guessed."

Father Connolly has done an inestimable service to Patmore lovers in so ably elucidating the complexities of the great poet's genius.

JAMES MATHEW.

Riverside, Conn.

TO the Editors: I shall reply to Mr. Mathew with the words of Saint Luke: "There is not anything secret that shall not be made manifest, not hidden, that shall not be known and come abroad." This still seems to me the function of criticism. That Patmore is well worth reading, I affirmed; that Father Connolly toiled valiantly, I emphasized. But as one who had some share in getting out his "Poems of Francis Thompson," I feel that his Patmore book could be vastly improved. My notes had no other purpose than to suggest how such improvement might be undertaken. I offer them in a friendly spirit, but I do not think they have been "refuted."

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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The Stage & Screen

Here Come the Clowns

NEITHER Philip Barry, the author, Eddie Dowling, the producer, nor the actors need hangs their heads in shame at the closing of "Here Come the Clowns." To paraphrase what George Bernard Shaw wrote of another play which prematurely closed: New York met a fine play and was beaten by it. Its closing in a season none too full of good things in the theatre, was lamentable. In originality of conception as in quality of writing Mr. Barry's play has never been surpassed in the American theatre. This writer believes that it will be revived in future years, and then revived again. Why then did it close? The chief charge brought against it was that it is vague, and that the end didn't satisfy. Well, if you insist that a play tie up all loose ends, and that every discord in life's disarray be resolved, Mr. Barry will have to plead guilty. But the cause of his defeat is a noble one: he chose as his theme the search of man for God, and the seeming antinomy between evil and an all-good Providence. If the loose ends of such a theme can be tied up and its discords resolved in a play of two hours' length, the dramatist will have accomplished what no man ever yet accomplished, not even the great Goethe, whose "Faust," especially Part II, has been accused of being very vague indeed. So if that is all his critics have to say against his play, Mr. Barry needn't lose much sleep. Yet even here let us state that in proclaiming the existence of man's free will Mr. Barry has, to those who will hear, given a triumphant answer, and if materialistic determinists don't like this answer it is up to them to give a better one.

It may be asserted that where the end of Mr. Barry's play falls down is in its philosophy being expressed in words, rather than in action. This is a valid objection, as it is one dealing with the basic laws of the theatre, and perhaps thus far I shall have to agree with Mr. Barry's critics. Perhaps, too, the relations of the illusionist with Mr. Kincannon need greater clarifying, but with these two exceptions the play is well knit and both spiritually and emotionally satisfying. Some of the separate scenes are as poignant and as truly tragic as any in modern dramatic literature. And the tale of the frog who went to Connemara is in its simplicity and its irony worthy a place in the anthologies. Yes, "Here Come the Clowns" is a play at once sensitive, poetic and dramatic. It is a tragedy in a sense in which no play dealing with merely material things can be a tragedy. The highest tragedy must in the last analysis concern itself with things of the spirit, even though humanity be the warp and woof of the characters themselves. It is because the realistic drama concerns itself only with the latter that it is of a distinctly lower category. Its kingdom is of this world. It neither purges the soul by pity and terror, nor uplifts it by glimpses into what is beyond and above the tyranny of the grave. And because it is only of this world it must search ever for new sensation, with the result that its reality too often becomes the reality of the abnormal. It may be popular but it is never eternal. Let us be thankful that the American theatre has at least one Philip Barry.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

"It's a man's world"

STEP right up, folks, and let "Stagecoach" show you what John Ford and Walter Wanger can do when they make a "Western" for grown-ups. This "Grand Hotel" on wheels starts in the autumn of 1885 when a whisky drummer, a doctor who drinks too much, an expectant mother who wants to join her soldier-husband, a gambler who was a Southern gentleman, a dance hall girl, a banker, a young fellow who just escaped from jail, and the driver make the trip from Tonto to Lordsburg. And as the wheels go 'round and 'round across the mountains and plains, you see beautiful Arizona scenery and you learn bit by bit the facts about the travelers. The tensity accumulates as the journey proceeds. Intelligent use of music, stunning photography and a slowly unfolding story carry you forward with the coach until the Apaches attack and the shooting starts. Then the excitement and thrilling horsemanship sweep you to the finish of the ride. "Stagecoach" is Mr. Ford's picture for his splendid direction, but the large cast deserve credit for their capable handling of the rôles. Overlook the pat last-minute rescue and final shooting, and the anti-climactical ending, and you'll enjoy the rhythm of the journey in Mr. Ford's "Stagecoach."

Hollywood seems to be putting all its heroes on horses. Now it's Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring," who rides rough, fights tough and shoves Victor McLaglen and Edward Arnold around. In between the scenes of Ben Hecht's lukewarm story about the honest folk in the West who bravely struggle against the criminal methods and oppression of the railroads' agents, Eddy sings American, Irish and love songs and makes speeches on how to become a good citizen in the land of the free. The result indicates that director Jack Conway couldn't decide if he was making a commencement-day exercise, a musical or a Jesse Jamesian "Western." The film is best summarized by one of its own characters when Charles Butterworth wisecracks, "This drama's worse than 'East Lynne.'"

The French go in for a little flag-waving in the films too—nothing quite so obvious as "Let Freedom Ring"; but "Champs Élysées" does wind up with a big "Vive la France!" This is another of those Sacha Guitry items, written, directed and acted in five of the rôles by M. Guitry. It doesn't come off quite as well as his "Pearls of the Crown," although it follows the same episodic technique, with the Champs Élysées as the unifying background for three centuries of French history, immorality, intrigue and humor. Several scenes will be deleted before being shown to the public, and rightly so, for M. Guitry, the narrator, tells the story to a group of school children as the panorama passes before us. Is M. Guitry pulling our leg or are the flagrant debaucheries of Louis XV's court usually set forth so explicitly to French youngsters?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Achille Ratti—Lover of the Alps[1]

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

EARLY in the morning of July 29, 1889, two professors, who had driven up from the weary heat of the Lombard plain, reached the little mountain village of Macugnaga where, over the fresh green of the pastures, lay the shadows of great Monte Rosa with her crown of ten glistening peaks. Two guides from Courmayeur were awaiting Professor Achille Ratti and his friend, the Abbé Graselli. There was a thrill of excitement in the encounter, for the passage of Monte Rosa to Zermatt was planned from the Italian side. Two English, two Austrian and three German Alpinists had already succeeded at very grave risks in accomplishing this feat but the only Italian, Marinelli, had perished with his guides in an avalanche. Clear, cold weather, however, now diminished this hazard. "Real mountain climbing is no break-neck affair," comments Professor Ratti; "it is, on the contrary, entirely a question of prudence, a little courage, of strength and endurance."

After a visit to the church and the curé, who anxiously followed the party through his binoculars during most of their climb, Professor Ratti and his party started out at one o'clock in the afternoon, reaching the "Refuge Marinelli" about seven. On their way they were saluted by a herd of chamois. "The chamois," had once written Saint Francis de Sales, "run here and there among the most terrifying glaciers giving voice to the praises of God. I can catch but a few words of their language but I am sure that what they say is charming." In the little hut, erected by the Italian Alpine Club to their lost member, the four men spent the night sleeping on the floor, which they had cleared of snow, but sleeping very soundly. Indeed, so overcome by sleep had been Father Ratti during the afternoon that Gadin, the veteran guide, had administered a few drops of spirits of ammonia. The Professor explains his drowsiness by the sudden change of altitude but one wonders about the amount of work accomplished in the Ambrosian Library.

At one in the morning, they were aroused by Gadin and, having drunk some Liebig Extract and hot wine, they corded themselves together. Gadin led the way, then Ratti, the younger guide and Graselli. Both guides carried lanterns. In the couloir or gully, fatal to Marinelli, the soft snow, into which they sank to their waists, gave evidence of a very recent avalanche and necessitated an annoying descent for firmer footing; but so hard then was the snow that Gadin had to begin cutting steps. His patience over this gruelling task aroused the admiration of Father Ratti. A ridge of rocks offered brief relief but ended abruptly in a precipitous ravine traversed by an attenuated ridge of snow. It was no longer, however, than the length of rope between each two men. "Tenez moi la corde, Monsieur" (Hold the rope for me, sir), said Gadin who always spoke French in moments of stress. He then straddled the slim bridge and managed to reach the glacier but when Father Ratti was half way over, Gadin called to him to halt. "It was probably an anxious moment for Gadin who needed a firmer foothold," writes the Father, "but it was not an entirely agreeable one for me, balanced as I was in sheer space, and I finally asked if I might advance." Gadin replied without turning, "Monsieur, je vous en prie, ne me parlez pas. Cela me dérange l'esprit" (Please, sir, don't talk. It confuses me). The future pontiff meekly obeyed.

The glacier once reached was so sparsely covered with snow that again Gadin must cut footholds. Then they came upon a wall of glistening ice fringed with icicles whose beauty brought them to a halt, and they discovered that it was one o'clock and that, except for a brief stop for some wine on the rocks, they had been climing steadily for twelve hours. As they satisfied themselves with chocolate, they gazed up at the Dufour whose crags seemed near at hand. In reality, they were very far away. "Where everything is on so grand a scale, it is impossible to gage distances," observes Professor Ratti. It reminded him of St. Peter's where the eye, deceived by the general harmony, is unaware of the colossal proportions. An icy barrier and deep wet snow impeded rapid progress and it was not till half past seven that they stood upon the Ostspitze (East Point) which with the Allehochsterspitze (All Highest) comprise the Dufour or Monte Rosa's summit. Only for a few moments could they enjoy the grandness of it; then, driven down by the cruel wind, they took refuge on a ledge of rock free from snow but so narrow that those who sat down had their legs swinging in space. All the same it was possible to stamp their feet without loss of balance which was fortunate as the cold at that altitude (15,088 feet) was such that coffee, eggs and wine were all frozen. But chocolate and kirsch they had in abundance. Sleep was naturally out of the question, yet who could want to sleep? The sky was of the deepest sapphire, sparkling with stars and lit by the thin crescent of a moon. And the silence—it was a new revelation of the majesty of God. "Del mondo consacro Jeova le cime" (God consecrates the summits of the world). Suddenly the thunder of an avalanche came from below. Then silence again, more silent than ever.

The dawn brought new beauty as the sun crowned Monte Rosa with roseate glory. The little party once more ascended East Point and thence made their way to the All Highest where stands the man of stones. It was half past eight in the morning, and instead of the traditional champagne they tried more cakes of chocolate. They had planned their descent between the Dufour and Zumstein peaks but found themselves looking down an almost vertical wall of snow. "Faites comme moi, Monsieur," said Gadin as he started down with his face to the wall, digging his feet into the snow as he took a firm grip with his pick. At last all were at the bottom and scrambling over some rocks to the crevasse which interposed between them and the great Grentz glacier. Instead of hunting

[1] Ascensions: Mont Rose-Cervin-Mont Blanc, par Achille Ratti (S. S. Pie XI); traduit de l'italien par Emile Gaillard. Chambéry: M. Dardel. 1922.

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for a spot where the crevasse narrowed, Gadin proposed a more expeditious and audacious route. He seated himself on the snowy rim of the precipice with the full length of the cord behind him and slid—flying faster and faster until he rolled into the soft snow of the lower glacier. One by one they followed. Once on the Grentzgletscher, it was like stepping out on a state highway. The vastness of the river of snow engulfed them and their senses. Well they knew—or thought they did—the trails that led to the Riffel Hotel, but Gadin was suffering from snow blindness and presently the mists caught them and then the darkness and, though but a few steps from a more comfortable bed, they were once more forced to spend a night in the open.

Professor Ratti closes his report with the hope his "modest narrative" may be of use to other Alpinists; with the satisfaction of having been permitted to traverse and christen the Zumstein Pass; full of appreciation for his guides; and with deep gratitude to God for letting him see the more sublime beauties of His world.

It was thirty years after the happy excursion that a Savoyard editor hunted up these records of His Holiness in the bulletins of the Italian Alpine Club and published them in French. In reality, "ce modeste récit" of Professor Achille Ratti is a wonderfully intimate bit of self-revelation. As one climbs with him, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, one recognizes his keen sense of proportion, his quick sympathy, prudence and simplicity as well as his appreciation of beauty and the joyous enthusiasm of his spirituality. No doubt many times in these latter years it was his comfort to return in memory to that night on Monte Rosa, as he describes it in the words of Dante: "Che del vederli in me stesso m'esalto" (I glory within myself for having seen . . .).

Other Books of the Day

A French Tribute to Pius XI

His Holiness Pope Pius XI, by Msgr. M. Fontenelle; translated by M. E. Fowler. Cleveland: The Sherwood Press. $3.50.

THE first 1939 biography of Pius XI to be published in this country came out a few days before his death. It is in a fragmentary way an intimate biography with just enough incident from Achille Ratti's early life to limn the man, his talents, his temperament, his priestly zeal. The Pontificate itself is presented topically and the author discusses briefly the historic encyclicals, the concordats, the remarkable mission developments, the steps toward the reunion of Christendom, Catholic Action, the conflicts with Action Française, atheistic communism, Italian fascism and German nazism, and other developments crowded into the past seventeen years. All in all the Pontificate constitutes a most imposing record of aspirations and achievements for the Church.

Monsignor Fontenelle writes with a warm Gallic enthusiasm which is sure to enlist the reader of good-will. It is unfortunate, however, that he seems so preoccupied with the aims and efforts of the Holy Father that he neglects the apathy and opposition that Pius encountered in the world. More emphasis on the turmoil and trouble of the times would have made this a better-rounded biography, for it now gives the impression that the reign of Pius XI was an unbroken series of unopposed successes. Taking the unhappy world as it is as a starting point, the author might better have explained that, since it is the Holy Father's solicitude for souls that was his primary concern, painful compromises with hostile powers were entered upon in order to preserve the transcendental values of the Faith. The purpose of preserving the religious rights of the faithful is the motive behind the signing of those concordats which certain American columnists and Marxist editors, in their inability or unwillingness to comprehend the spiritual basis of the outlook of the Vatican, have interpreted as support of certain political régimes of the Right. Except for this inadequacy in dealing with a problem that apparently did not occur to him Monsignor Fontenelle bears eloquent witness to the virtues and accomplishments of Pius XI.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Tomorrow in the Making; edited by John H. Andrews and Carl A. Marsden. New York: Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Publishing. $3.00.

THE vagaries of human society are legion; its moments of recollection and repentance are few. Messrs. Andrews and Marsden believe, however, that opinions have their importance, provided they can be made to coalesce in a pattern. Their book deals with freedom, the various proposed economic systems, international relations, and the problems of domestic politics. The discussion suffers by being aimed at the edges. I think few intelligent defenders of the "capitalist" system would single out Mr. George Sokolsky to state their views; and Dr. Rautenstrauch is a "planned economy" man whom one remembers chiefly for the dire things he predicts if his system is not adopted. But there are papers which illustrate the virtues of temperate thinking—Sidney Hook's piece on democracy, for example, and Warden Lawes's diagnosis of crime. It is the way of symposia to be thin in some spots and thick in others. They abound in possibilities which seldom become realities. But the present book covers a good deal of ground, includes authors as diversified as Lawrence Dennis and Earl Browder, and affords a chance to get acquainted with some kinds of contemporary American thought. I think, by the way, that Browder's chapter is well worth reading. There is more in his system to live down than in any other ever devised, except Hitler's. What if Browder and his followers are really trying to live it down? G. N. S.

DRAMA

Father Damien, a play in verse in three acts by Edward Snelson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.40.

Christ's Comet, a poetic drama in three acts by Christopher Hassall. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

THE FIELD of poetic drama has recently been enriched with the publication of two plays that will be of special interest to Catholic Theatre groups in general and in particular to the women's colleges that have been experimenting so successfully with verse-speaking choirs.

"Father Damien," by Edward Snelson, is a very simple arrangement of the epic drama of Molokai, which has

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more beauty of line than dramatic action. It is on the whole a leisurely statement of Damien's life, a choral narration interspersed with inspired solo passages by Damien, an Escaper, a Princess and several other major characters. There is a gap of some eleven years between the first and second acts and consequently the most dramatic part of Damien's life is told to us rather than shown to us. However, the challenging virility and simplicity of Damien emerge in a series of striking pictures and very probably the static story line could be energized by shrewd and ingenious staging. If a director had the courage to play it all in one outdoor setting instead of using some of the interiors indicated—employing perhaps a cyclorama with rear projection to catch all the fascinating color harmonies of the islands—something very unique in stage productions might result. Certainly Damien's life offers rare opportunities for modern stagecraft, as the Catholic Theatre Guild of Pittsburgh demonstrated recently in the production of "Kamiano," an adaptation by this reviewer of a prose drama on Damien by Grace Murphy. And there is no reason to believe that the theme would not be equally successful in poetic drama, since the background presents so many opportunities for the use of a very appealing musical pattern.

To the many fine experimental groups that have been developing steadily since the advent of the Catholic Theatre Conference two years ago, "Christ's Comet" will doubtless be the more dramatically interesting script. It is the compelling story of the fourth Wise Man who took a different turn in the road and wound up at Calvary instead of Bethlehem. Here is a challenging treatment of the "time is one" theme, for the birth of the Saviour at Christmas and His death on Good Friday are seen as one flashing moment. It is the stage searching for a feeling of eternity, and any college group that attempts the script is sure of a provocative and rewarding experience in the theatre. The play can be done with a simple arrangement of platforms and levels, depending as it does for atmosphere on ingenious lighting and superb playing. The lines are colorful and dramatic, the characters rich and varied. Above all, there is a sense of wonder about this quest of the Wise Men that makes even the starry sky of a mundane stage seem a very lovely thing indeed.

Advanced theatre groups, looking for something different to present in the coming spring cycle of plays now being organized by the Catholic Theatre Conference in Chicago, New York, LaCrosse and other centers, will find it worth their while to look at both these scripts. They may not be the equal of "Murder in the Cathedral" or "Zeal of Thy House," but they stem from the same great tradition.

EMMET LAVERY.

FICTION

Rope of Gold, by Josephine Herbst. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

JOSEPHINE HERBST is one of the most gifted of the relatively small group of American writers whose material is all taken from the contemporary social and economic scene. She has grown steadily as a novelist since her first book appeared in 1928, and her latest work is an effective panorama of an America in the bitter years between 1932 and 1937. It covers a wide range of territory, agricultural and industrial, reaching from South Dakota to Cuba with many points between, and the writing is consistently fresh and vivid. Many characters are precariously depended from the "rope of gold" before

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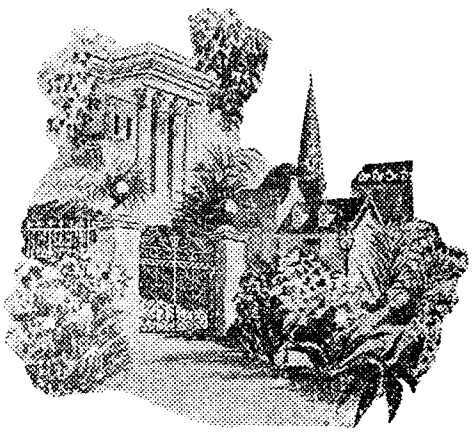

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the reader's eyes, but they are seen consistently as human beings rather than mere economic puppets.

In the nature of things, practically all Miss Herbst's story is depressing. But the great shrewdness of her observation, her ability to remember everything she sees and hears, and to touch it all with the magic of fiction lifts her novel at once far above any mere chronicle of disaster. The saving grace of art comes in to ease the pain of the picture, and at the same time by a familiar paradox to make it more telling and memorable.

In fact, the real strength of the novel lies in the depth of understanding of the characters, and the genuine warmth with which many of them are treated. In this respect it bears little relation to the formula-ridden "novel of the proletariat"; Miss Herbst is obviously far closer to her people of all kinds than the intellectual who writes of the working classes out of a text-book. She also knows that life does not ever become merely a struggle for survival, or rarely, at least, and that love and all the other emotions continue to operate even amid the crash of tumbling economic systems.

The novelist who uses contemporary material faces the handicap, of course, of never knowing how things will end. But Miss Herbst rounds off her story well enough, and even if she didn't, it is so remarkable a piece of the very stuff of our own days that the end makes no great difference. She shows admirable technical skill in managing to keep in relation her four principal characters: Jonathan and Victoria Chance, writers of radical sympathies; Ed Thompson, business executive and conservative; and Steve Carson, a youngster trying to make his way in a hard world. Also one of her best-done studies is that of a lost and bewildered liberal journalist.

Her point of view might be called materialist-humanitarian, which one is privileged to accept, or reject, of course. But she is undeniably a novelist to be reckoned with, sincere, passionate and powerful.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

The Sword in the Stone, by T. H. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

"FOR SIR THOMAS MALEORE, KNIGHT." With so bold a dedication, Mr. White straightway provokes a prettier wonder than even the finding of "The Beginning" as colophon to the exotic tale may rouse. Beast Glatisant, Madam Mim the Witch, Giant Galapas, the griffins and wyverns ringing Morgan the Fay's castle, and a dozen other characters in these *Gesta* of Arthur's boyhood, Malory could take without blanching. But might he not need some of Merlyn's versatility to accept the neon lights, the chromium bar, and other extravagant appurtenances of the castle, the slap-stick jousting of King Pellinore and Sir Grummore, the parody of "God Save the King"? Even so, Malory, who understood the medieval art of keeping the calendar in its place, would be less disturbed than some literal-minded moderns may be by the merging of the twentieth century with the already composite era of the dateless Arthurian cycle. Back and forth we go in this newest contribution to the matter of Britain, guided by casual assurances that something Merlyn knows about will not be invented for half a thousand years or more.

The explanation of this central incongruity of the story is simplicity itself, fortified by such sophisticated logic as the Middle Ages enjoyed: Merlyn, "born at the wrong end of time," is living "backwards from in front, while surrounded by a lot of people living forwards from behind." No wonder he is the perfect tutor for the Wart and Kay on the spacious, model manor of Sir Ector, "the eternal farmer." No wonder, too, that the lavishly disguised treatise on education is free to touch on anything under the sun. So the king-to-be, turned snake, learns evolution and something about the blindness of *H. sapiens armatus* from *T. natrix;* turned badger, he listens to the rough draft of a D. Litt. treatise by a fellow badger and learns that man alone among the creatures thought it rude to change God's plan for him. If the farce seems sometimes overplayed, not so the memorable moments of wisdom and beauty abundant in the book.

OLIVE B. WHITE.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Tudor Puritanism, by M. M. Knappen. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $4.00.

MACAULAY did more than any other writer to fix the popular notion of a Puritan as a gloomy ascetic. This traditional characterization contains a sufficient modicum of truth to invite its universal application to all periods and to all places. From the point of view of strict historical accuracy, however, the Puritanism of 1566 differed from that of 1567. The Puritan under the Stuarts was willing to take the sword against his sovereign while his ancestor was not.

If we permit the sixteenth-century Puritan to speak for himself, as Professor Knappen so admirably does, we discover that he thoroughly enjoyed his religious experience, his "comfortable" Bible reading, his "sweet conferences," his "pathetic" prayers, his "pleasant" meditations, his zealous and successful activity in his calling, at times even his "cheerful" almsgiving.

In still another way, the usually accepted theory of the intimate relationship alleged to exist between the Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism, in so far as Puritanism is concerned, must submit to certain modifications. The Puritan contributions to the rise of modern capitalism were exceedingly indirect, negative rather than positive. Zealous leaders of the movement, for example, denounced usury. But they soon abandoned the investigation of complex social and economic problems for the more congenial employment of attacking papists and prelates.

This engaging and thoroughly documented study of English Puritanism begins with the journey of William Tyndale who, in 1524, left London for Germany, without the consent either of his king or his bishop, in order to prepare an English edition of the Bible. Within five years of the publication of his New Testament, a number of reformers had taken up residence on the continent and were successfully propagating their ideas in England. Immediately upon the death of Henry VIII they flocked back to their native island, fled again when Mary came to the throne, and returned to purge the Elizabethan churches of manifold "abuses." That they did not succeed was due largely to the queen's opposition to religious radicalism and their own lack of unity. Professor Knappen carefully traces the varying fortunes of the movement, terminating the narrative with the Stewart settlement under James I. A separate part of the work is devoted to the intellectual, social and cultural aspects of Puritanism.

Making due allowances for a few curious statements—such as that the Council of Trent made something like semi-Pelagianism the orthodox Catholic doctrine — the

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book is an excellent piece of research and a valuable contribution to an obscure phase of Tudor history.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

Brother André, C.S.C., by Rev. Henry Paul Bergenson, C.S.C.; translated by Rev. Real Boudreau, C.S.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

THE BOOK admirably fulfils its purpose, that of making the character of Brother André known and loved. It reveals to us the tremendous force of God's grace in the soul of one who actually realized in his actions, the fact that God is all our strength. A fact we appreciate chiefly intellectually, but are somewhat shy of in practise. Brother André, you see, was a very intelligent person—he did as he believed; that is, he simply lived by faith. We are shown this in his youth as a laborer in factory and on farm; during his novitiate when about to be dismissed on account of ill health, and as "Saint Joseph's little dog" bringing all the troubles of humanity to be healed by the great Saint Joseph. Brother André had one great idea, Saint Joseph was the Patron of the Universal Church; therefore, he was everybody's foster-father.

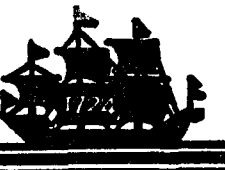
The author likens Brother André to the Curé of Ars. The similarity of his life and apostolate to that of another holy lay Brother comes to my mind, namely, Blessed Martin de Porres, the Negro Dominican brother who lived in sixteenth-century Lima and whose influence is, if anything, wider today than then. They were very alike in their humor. Who can resist Brother André's way of dealing with a troublesome inspector? "A delegate was sent by the Board of Health to bring this contemner of medical laws to his senses. Brother André received him courteously and explained that his remedies—rubbing the afflicted with a medal or a bit of oil—were by no means harmful. The delegate departed, greatly pleased at the Brother's common sense and urbanity." Both of these Brothers carried on a like apostolate of miracles, worked amongst all kinds of human ills and were examples of that true Christian poverty which denies all to self, but is prodigal in using wealth, strength and grace in the service of God.

SISTER MARY OF THE COMPASSION.

MEMOIRS

Gardens and Books. The Autobiography of Katherine Clemens. Illustrated. Webster Groves, Mo.: International Mark Twain Society. $2.00.

THIS is the sort of book which it would be very easy to tear to pieces and, by systematically unfair quotation, to expose to ridicule. The chief trouble is that no one has edited Mrs. Clemens's writing, and like many another gifted amateur, she runs to length and to the inclusion of a vast amount of quotation from other people which has very little interest to the reader who wants to find out about the author herself. A skilful editor, I venture to guess, would have reduced "Gardens and Books" by a half, and would have made an interesting volume out of it. Despite its prolixity and its endless quotations of verse, it remains, however, a rich mine, if one has the patience to extract its ore. Mrs. Clemens comes of an old St. Louis Catholic family; her own distant relationship to Mark Twain, coupled with that of her husband, and her natural taste for literature have led to an interesting life, and her account of it is in large part unaffected and interesting and possesses real charm. H. L. B.



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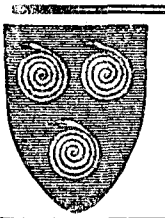

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More about Books

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS has been publishing during the recent past a series of science primers, basically intended as text-books for freshmen, but of such general interest that anyone can read them with pleasure. The latest issued is "Animals without Backbones," by Ralph Buchsbaum ($5.00). Is it necessary to point out that the volume serves as an introduction to invertebrate zoology? What is new about it is the truly intelligent, and lavish, use Mr. Buchsbaum makes of pictures—pictures of all kinds from photographs to diagrams. I suppose everyone remembers the older college text-books, in which an indifferent photograph or two supplemented indifferent reproductions of drawings from other works. Often the source of a particular drawing was a learned monograph, and so the drawing as reproduced contained much that was extraneous to the text of the book in which it finally appeared, thus merely confusing a beginner. This fault is completely absent from the new Chicago book. I cannot be positive, but I suspect that every drawing in it was made specially for this book, and with the text of this book directly in mind. The result is not only an immense clarification of the text but is also, strangely enough, distinctly interesting from an artistic point of view. The drawings have a certain stylistic relation between themselves which gives the book real unity and makes it a pleasure to read. To praise the photographic sections is easy enough, and such praise would be deserved, for discretion is needed to select photographs as well as patience to dig them up. But after all that is largely a matter of money; if the publisher is willing to foot the bill, almost any scientist can get photographs, and good ones, too, and the problem of selection is really no great problem. But for the way in which Mr. Buchsbaum has handled his drawings he deserves high praise and a reader's heartfelt gratitude. There are some things which simply can't be adequately described in writing, and my guess is that the circulatory system of a clam, or the reproductive system of an earthworm, or the nervous system of a lobster are definitely among such things.

Of course Mr. Buchsbaum would not be a "sound" biologist if he did not, by inference at least, subscribe to a completely mechanistic conception of the universe. He conscientiously makes it clear that theories about the origin of life are in a different category of knowledge from descriptions of the respiratory system of a honey-bee (though I am sure that he would consider it most unprofessional to use any such philosophical phrase as "category of knowledge"), but he makes it equally clear that he himself believes that "at some time in the earth's history, in suitable places, as in ponds or on the seacosts, there were, as there are now, simple compounds of the elements which compose the living substance, protoplasm. With the energy of the sun or the heat of warm springs, various chemical combinations were formed. Some of these possessed the power of self-propagation, that is, the ability to manufacture additional combinations like themselves." And from that point on, it is only a step or two to the final development of *homo sapiens*. . . . Not that I mean to be scornful; the seashore theory of the origin of life has much to be said in its favor. But to assume that inorganic salts, through the action of heat, can yield reproductive bodies seems to me close to thinking that one has explained something merely because one has said something about it. And even respectable biologists today readily admit that our knowledge of the evolutionary process is, to say the least, tentative and fragmentary and is likely to remain so for a long time. But after all the principal value of Mr. Buchbaum's book is not in the realm of theory, but in the realm of description of the immediately knowable, and here he is as good as anyone could wish. His language is clear, even possessing a certain charm and arch humor ("Some South American tarantulas have a seven-inch span and sometimes catch small birds. Most people insist they are revolted by the long legs and hairiness, but no one on record has ever objected to these same characters in a Russian wolfhound").

Mr. Buchsbaum points out that tales of huge sea-monsters probably relate to invertebrates—most likely to jelly-fish and squids. Of the former, well-attested specimens are known to have reached a diameter of twelve feet and a length of fifty. Even larger squids are competently vouched for. So, remote as it may be, there is some tenuous thread of connection between the Chicago biologist and the Right Reverend Sir David Hunter Blair, Bt., O.S.B., M.A., Abbot of Dunfermline. For it was Abbot Hunter Blair who has told of the Loch Ness Monster. The latest collection of his essays—"In Victorian Days" (Longmans, $2.40)—has ample interest and charm to warrant a reader's attention. Such collections seem always to suffer from the fault of repetitiveness; for it is natural that essays written on different occasions should contain overlapping materials; yet it would be so easy to remove it, and with it an inevitable sense of irritation in the reader. But to insist upon the point would be querulous. Abbot Hunter Blair's reminiscences of Eton and Oxford and Scottish country life during the middle of the last century more than make up for an occasional repetition. And his essay on Oscar Wilde and the Church is particularly enlightening and full of pathos. It explains much about Wilde to know that because of the straitened means of his parents, he never could quite keep up with the Joneses throughout his university life. Particularly amusing is the story of Hunter Blair's undertaking to gamble with £2 at Monte Carlo with the understanding that if he won, the proceeds would be given to Oscar to defray the expenses of a vacation in Italy. Miracuously enough the Abbot-to-be did win, and so handsomely that Wilde's Italian trip was generously provided for.

In the reminiscences of any English Catholic there is bound to be an overtone of the penal days; Sir David explores at length the endlessly romantic stories of the English families which, through rain and shine, preserved their faith. It is of one of these that Ida Goerres Coudenhove writes in "Mary Ward" (Longmans, $1.60). I have no great taste for historical novels, unless they are of "Cloister-and-Hearth" excellence; I am particularly depressed by most religious historical novels. So it was with a double prejudice that I began "Mary Ward," a prejudice very shortly dispelled by the skill of its writing and by the interest of its story. Mary Ward was the foundress of that order now generally known as the Loretto Nuns. And her life is merely one more evidence of how faith can move mountains—even the worst mountains of all, the scorn and opposition and condemnation of one's brothers in Christ. It may seem a little pretentious, yet I dare say it: only a Catholic could have suffered what Mary Ward did at the hands of her fellow Catholics and yet remain, to the very end, the most faithful of the servants of the servants of God.

THE SAMPLER.

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The Inner Forum

THE PLIGHT of German Catholics is indicated in its extremes by the fact that 35,000 religious have appealed for aid to the office of the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany at 123 Second Street, New York City. Most of them are teaching Sisters who have been forced out of their schools, which provided their only means of livelihood. Another group that is in great difficulties comprises converts to the Church from Judaism and Catholics who have Jewish blood in their veins.

German refugees now in this country have, under the auspices of the committee, organized a Catholic Solo Ensemble, which gave its first public concert at St. Nicholas's Church in New York on February 26. It was a sacred concert featuring Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and was prepared with the assistance of Dr. Hans Wollmuth, stage director of the Philadelphia Opera.

The refugees led by an exiled German priest offered up the first dialogue Mass (Missa Recitata) of a series at St. Nicholas's Church, February 26. In these Masses the entire congregation makes the responses ordinarily made by the altar boys or servers and they all recite together the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei (the parts of the common of the Mass usually rendered by the choir at a high Mass).

The committee has just announced the formation of a speakers' bureau for the use of schools, clubs and parish organizations. Speakers will be able to discuss the history and present status of the Church in Germany and the situation of the refugees and their prospects of resettlement as well as the doctrinal and philosophical basis of the conflict between the Church and the totalitarian State. The bureau is already prepared to answer calls for speakers in New York City.

Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans, chairman of the Bishops' Committee for Catholic Refugees, has proposed a general collection for German Catholic refugee aid on March 19 (Fourth Sunday of Lent, Gaudete Sunday, and the Feast of Saint Joseph). On this day the refugee choir will sing a solemn high Mass at St. Nicholas's Church.

CONTRIBUTORS

Oliver McKEE, jr., is Washington correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

Marion Brown SHELTON is a New Jersey poet.

Donald ATTWATER, English writer, editor and lecturer, is the author of "The Dissident Eastern Churches," "The Golden Book of Saints" and other books.

Willard F. MOTLEY here recounts some recent experiences while on a vagabond trip to the Pacific coast in a fifteen-dollar car.

Kenton KILMER, son of the late Joyce Kilmer, is in Federal Government service.

Katharine CHAMBERS is a Pennsylvania poet.

Euphemia Van Rensselaer WYATT is dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.

Sister MARY OF THE COMPASSION is a Dominican Sister of the Perpetual Rosary and an artist.

Emmet LAVERY is author of "The First Legion," "Monsignor's Hour" and "Second Spring" and head of the play-reading department of the Federal Theatre Project.

Herschel BRICKELL, literary critic and contributor to current magazines, was formerly literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*.

Olive B. WHITE is the author of "The King's Good Servant."

John J. O'CONNOR is assistant professor of history and sociology in the Graduate School of St. John's University, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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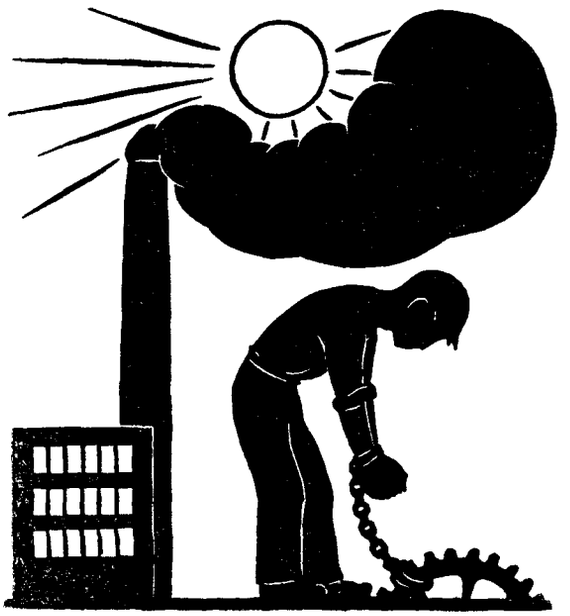

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